

VOL. XXII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

DRESS GOODS.

Our daily arrivals enable us to offer something fresh and choice to every new comer and special values this week.

120 pieces all wool 54-inch Mohegan Cheviots for tailor-made suits

65c Yard.

100 pieces Groveland Flannel

Suitings, all wool staple colors,

49c Yard.

5,000 yards double width, wool

Tricots, blacks and staple shades,

23c Yard.

54-inch all wool striped Flannel

Costume Cloths \$1.25 value, at

85c Yard.

ENGLISH TWEEDS

In Checks, Plaids and Mixtures,

Camel hair effects, 54 inches wide,

42c Yard.

A LEADER.

70 pieces diagonal serge Flannel

Plaids, all wool, 54 inches wide,

latest combinations of coloring,

\$1 Yard.

UNMATCHABLE.

160 pieces Lady Gray Checks,

Boucle and Camel hair plaids and

Scotch mixtures, 40 inches wide,

45c Yard.

60 pieces illuminated, plaid Scotch

Cheviots, 42 inches wide,

65c Yard.

50c PLAIDS.

We placed in stock last Saturday

200 pieces New Plaids, small or

large, dull or gay Boucle, Camels

Hair and Serge effects. All the

new and popular shades of coloring

85c Yard.

NEW PLAIDS!

300 pieces New Plaids; choice

things not seen before,

50c to \$3 Yard.

FRENCH HOMESPUNS.

All wool, 54 inches wide, flecked

with white and variegated colors,

\$1.00 Yard.

44-inch Surah Serge, finest wool,

smooth texture, close twill, full

line colors,

85c Yard.

Whip Cord Diagonals, smooth,

even fabric and very choice. Same

goods owned and sold by other

houses at \$1.25, our price

85c Yard.

30 pieces Silk Finish German

Henrietta, 46 inches wide, and

same as sold all over Atlanta at \$1

yard. Our price

85c Yard.

STRIPED NOVELTIES!

40 pieces 44-inch all wool Striped

Novelties, special colorings.

\$1.00 Yard.

25 pieces 54-inch ladies Cloth,

dark shades,

75c Yard.

Broadcloth for ladies' costumes,

extra quality, full line shades,

99c Yard.

NOVELTIES.

Pattern suits and robes, new ar-

ivals, the choicest yet shown, camel

hair Plaids, Cheviots, Tweeds,

Homespuns, Plaid Broadcloths,

Embroidered Robes and Combina-

tion Suits of Plaids and Plain,

woven to match. Special at

\$12.50 A SUIT.

The newest thing out. Popular

shades, Plaid and Plain Serges to

match. Very choice.

BLACK GOODS.

No more at these prices. Buy

while you may. The tariff places

prices fully 25 per cent higher.

What we have goes at old prices.

6 pieces 40-inch Mohair Sicilian,

85c value, at

60c Yard.

J. M. High & Co.

SECOND TO THE EXPOSITION!

J. M. HIGH & CO.,

HAVE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PLACE IN ATLANTA!

The Most Complete and Comprehensive Stock of Choice Merchandise Shown in the Southern States, at Correct Prices.

SOLID VALUES FOR YOUR MONEY!

Drap de Alma.

5 pieces, 40 inches wide. Very

choice and popular fabric.

90c Yard.

54-inch Cheviot. The season's

most popular fabric.

85c Yard.

5 pieces Costume Flannel, all

wool, 54 inches wide.

75c Yard.

Camel's Hair.

36 inches wide, very choice

goods.

60c Yard.

6 pieces 44-inch all wool Flannel,

extra smooth texture.

50c Yard.

PRIESTLEY'S CHEVIOT.

40 inches wide, pure wool,

\$1 Yard.

WIDE WALE CHEVIOTS.

The choicest of the new fabrics,

44 inches wide.

\$1.25 Yard.

10 pieces 46-inch silk-finished

French Henrietta at

\$1 Yard.

STRIPED HENRIETTAS.

The newest of the novelties for

the season, made by B. Priestley

& Co., \$1.15 yard.

Figured Henriettas, 46-inch wide

silk finished, \$1 yard.

Silk Warp Fabrics

Full line of Priestley and Victoria

Brand Silk Warp Materials at cor-

rect prices.

SPECIAL.

10 pieces 48-inch Silk Warp Hen-

rietta, worth \$1.75 per yard, at

\$1.35.

These figures represent the

prices for this week only. No

more can be had, when these are

gone, at old prices.

SILKS.

Many new things ready for to-

morrow. An exposition of lovely

materials in stock.

13 suits of exquisite Duinor Silk.

Beautiful Combinations and perfect

colorings. Prices are from \$30 up

to \$75.

READY FOR INSEPCION.

20 pieces Black Dress Silks--

seven styles will be offered at 96c.

Keep your eye on this bargain. It

is a drive.

A GOOD THING.

40 pieces colored Dress Silks at

\$1. If you contemplate purchasing

a colored Silk, visit this department

and you will be interested in this

great value.

\$15,000 invested in our grand

aggregation of Evening, Party and

Bridal Gowns. Every effect dis-

played to perfection; Nets, Gauzes,

Grenadines, Parisian Chenilles, Chi-

nas and Crepe Chines.

For Tomorrow: 9 pieces black

Dress Silks, Celebrated Monopoly

brand, the best on earth and guar-

anteed superior to any make on the

market. We will offer this at

\$1.63; the real value is exactly

\$2.50.

French Flannels: 2,000 yards

Plaid and Striped French Flannel,

worth 50c at 37c yard.

25 pieces Eiderdowns; choice

line of colors; 50c yard.

100 pieces Striped Outing Cloth,

10c yard.

CLOAKS!

LONDON TOP COATS!

Parisian Model Jackets!

Parisian Long Wraps!

English Walking Jackets!

Reefers and Blazers!

NEW COLLARS AND SHOULDERS,

ALL CUSTOM - MADE AND MADE TO FIT!

SEE OUR STOCK.

THE LARGEST CLOAK ROOM SOUTH.

200 Black Diagonal Cheviot Jackets, tailor made, welt seams, worth

\$5 and going at \$3.75 each.

225 Beaver Jackets, bound all round with silk braid, custom cut, all

the late shades, at \$3.50 each.

125 silk and wool striped silk bound Jackets, dark shades at \$3.45.

165 Shepherd Plaid Reefer-front Jackets, handsomely made up and

worth \$7; exposition price \$4.50.

Camel's Hair, black Cheviot Jackets, a custom garment, made to

sell for \$5, to be sold at \$3.75 each.

A DEPARTMENT LEADER.

360 tailor made Jackets, sample lot, Cheviots, Corkscrew, Worsteds,

Camel's Hair, Broadcloths and Beavers; very latest cuts, craid trimmed

and plain; not one of the lot worth less than \$10; your choice at \$5.

A NOVELTY.

125 black Stockinet Beaver Jackets, velvet collar and sleeves of

latest cuts, \$6.00 each.

Marie Antoinette collar, reefer front, epaulet shoulder, Cheviot Jack-

ets, silk faced and silk stitched, an all round handsome garments \$7.85 each.

100 Regent Coats, made of imported black Cheviot, detachable vest

front, silk stitched all round, \$9.90 each.

Military Jackets, reefer fronts, for Misses' and Ladies', new lot from

\$4 to \$8.

Braid Camel's Hair Jackets, bound in heavy mohair braid and fast-

ened with large buttons, the swiftest garment of the season, \$12 each.

PLUSH JACKETS.

The new tariff places these garments way up. Ours were bough

and in stock in advance of the raise, and they go at the same old prices,

which are lower than anybody's, \$8.50 to \$50 each, and special value in

each price.

125 Breton front striped Newmarkets, grays and tans and feather

weight, \$4.50 each.

69 ladies' cloth Connemaras, in blues and greens, \$5 each.

73 light weight, full front serge Newmarkets, in blues, tans and

browns, \$7.90 each.

Pheasants, light shades and Florida weight, worth \$12, to be sold at

\$7.50 each.

Children's Wraps of all styles and prices, \$1.50 to \$20.

Gretchens, Reefers, Connemaras and Newmarkets, all at prices that

are right.

FURS!

All the desirable things, latest cuts, high shoulders and pointed

fronts, muffs to match all the capes.

Black Russian Hair Capes \$5 each.

Black Hudson Bay Fox Capes, \$8.50 each.

Black Astrakhan Capes, \$12.50 each.

Wool Seal Capes, \$12.50 each.

North Sea Seal Capes, \$15 each.

Persian Wolf Silver-tipped Capes, \$12.50 each.

Seal Krimmer Combination Capes, \$25 each.

Brown Plucked Seal Capes, \$15 each.

Children's Sets in all the popular styles.

Astrakhan and Plush Combinations.

Silk Seal Sets.

All at popular prices.

EMBROIDERED FLANNEL.

New lots, white cream and a full

line of colors, embroidered with con-

trasting shades, dark and light colors.

SPECIAL.

Full width White Flannel, nicely

embroidered, at 71c yard.

Hand-knit Skirts, assorted colors,

\$1.25 each.

LINENS!

Choice values, bought before the

advance in prices.

200 dozen choice colored bordered

Huck Towels, size 20x40, 15c each.

Extra heavy double Huck Towels,

size 20x40, 20c each.

100 dozen extra heavy double

satin Damask Towels, tied fringe,

WE GUARANTEE
First-Class Material
AND
BEST WORKMANSHIP
THE SINGER

Conceded to be the
most Economical to
keep up.

WE MANUFACTURE
100 DIFFERENT STYLES

Machines for MANUFACTURING Purposes.

We Make to Order SPECIAL MACHINES for Special Manufacturers

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MANUFACTURING CO.

THE LARGEST

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WE CLAIM

Our Power Machines

Highest Practical Speed.

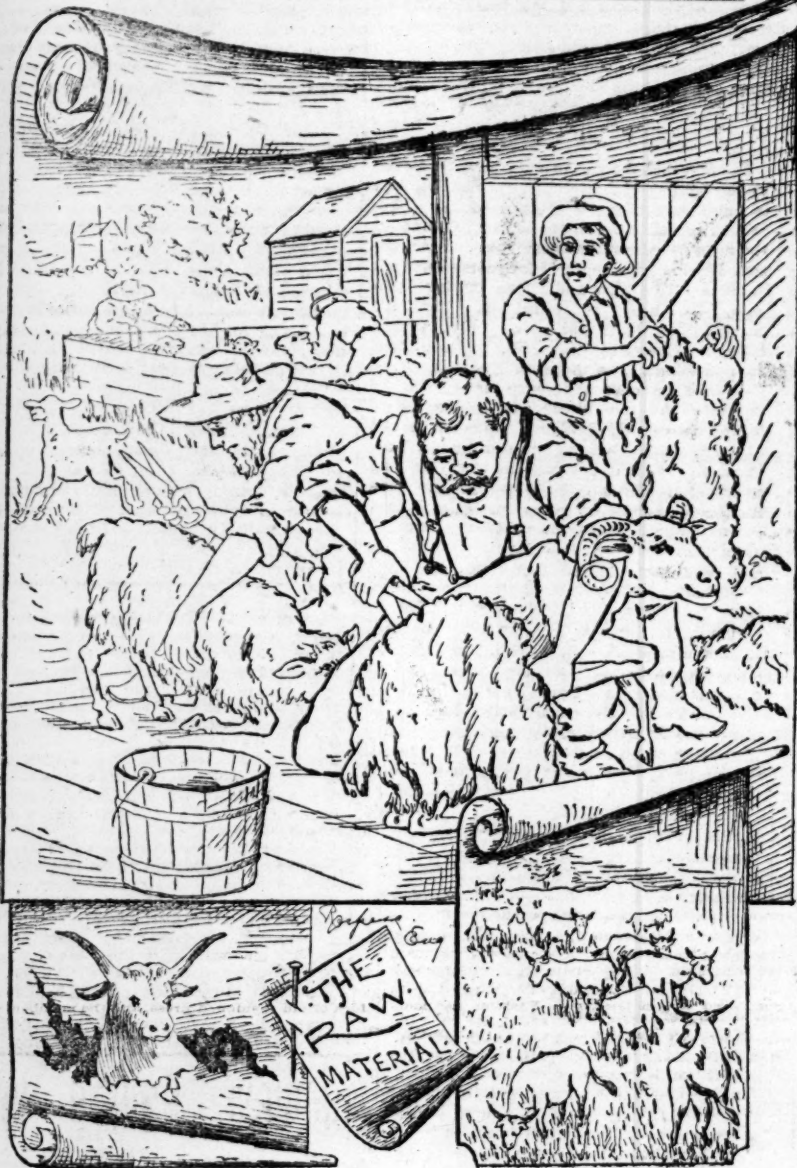
3,000 STITCHES
PER MINUTE.

WE FURNISH

PUT IN COMPLETE PLANTS

For All Kinds of Manufacturing, Using Sewing Machines

Run by Power. Estimates on Application.



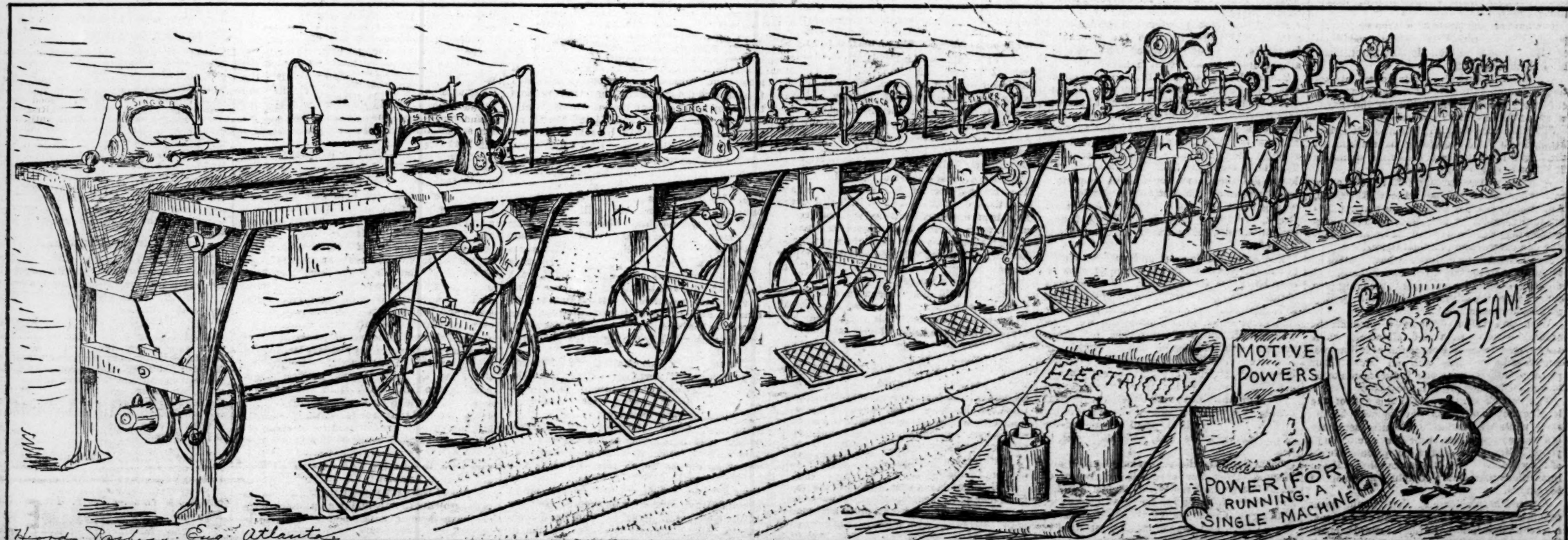
THE SOUTH HAS THE RAW MATERIAL

COTTON, WOOL, HIDES.

WE HAVE THE SEWING MACHINES



MANUFACTURE IT AND KEEP IT SOUTH!



For Further Information Apply to or Address,
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CENTRAL OFFICE FOR THE SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES,
205 EAST BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VA.,
C.G. LAMBERT, General M'n'g'r.



LEADERS IN LOW PRICES!

D. C. BACON, President.

M. M. AMOROUS, General Manager.

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COMPANY.

GENUINE GEORGIA KILN DRESSED LEAF YELLOW PINE

MANUFACTURERS OF

BEST BRANDS OF KILN-DRESSED CYPRESS SHINGLES.

Shipments made by VESSEL through Brunswick and Savannah; by STEAMSHIP to Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and ALL RAIL to any point in the United States. We cut schedules to order for CARS, BRIDGES and TRESTLES. Kiln Dry Dressed and Matched Flooring and Ceiling, Etc. House Bills Cut to order and Shipped Direct from Mills.

OUR CYPRESS SHINGLES ARE KILN DRY AND CANNOT BE EXCEEDED

IN QUALITY OR PRICE.

We Use the Lumbermen's Standard and Southard Code.

ATLANTA LUMBER COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

PLUNKETT AT HOME.

THE OLD FOLKS LIVE OVER THEIR LIVES AGAIN.

A Gossipy Letter on Politics and the Alliance—“As I Told You Before I Tell You Again”—Falls Into Verse.

The winds are chilly and the rain is falling, the day is gloomy, and in our gloom we build a big log heap fire in the old fire place, and as it gives out its warmth I feel like clapping my hands and singing:

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”
As we sat there by the blazing fire I laid aside my pipe, the old ‘oman dropped her knitting and we looked up and said—

Above the mantle, in er ‘spocket,’
A chain that dangled from er locket;
We took it down, and there we found
A lock of hair of color brown.

The wife moved closer to me,
And leaning over the back to see,
Her silvery tresses dropped one side:
I viewed the hair of wife and bride.
She gathered closer up to me,
And leaning down upon my knee,
She brushed away the gathering tear,
And asked: “And am I just as dear?”

“Just as dear,” I answered, and there by the warmth of the old fire place we lived the years over again.

But never mind, this young generation don’t care nothing for the cooling of the old “cranks” like us.

Out at the exposition last week I seed er card which read:

“The farmer feeds the world.”
This is true. Everybody knows that it is true and that so it has always been, and yet the farmer has had less to do with the affairs of government than any other class of folks in all the world. The nigger or the heathen Chinese has received more consideration at the hands of the law-makers than the farmers of this country have had.

If railroads were to stop running it would be er great inconvenience, and would cause much financial ruin, but the world would wag erlong and in er generation or two they would be er thing of the past and seldom thought about.

If the factories, rolling mills, telegraphing, everything that is the invention of man were to be stopped it would be er calamity, but the world would move on and soon adapt itself to the changed conditions and in er few generations everything would be all right.

But if farming was to be stopped the world would collapse. There would be no “adapt-ing” to the circumstances—the end would come.

felt in the running of affairs, but the farmers mustn’t do it—it’s wrong.
I can tell you that it is right for the farming interest to get together. I am opposed to so much organization, but where everything is organized the farmer must organize, and he is getting so. The politicians may break them up, as they have broken them before, but never before has there been such er feeling among ‘em to assert their rights by the prestige of numbers at the ballot box, and that feeling will remain if every lodge of the alliance is broken up forever. The sentiment is here and to stay, and politicians must govern themselves according, alliance or no alliance.

While everybody, nearly, are ready to say that the alliance has crowned itself with success in the recent elections and are willing to say that it will hereafter sustain itself, I am not. I’m gloomy over the situation, and I’m afraid there are things being worked which will throw er damper over their enthusiasm, and thereby delay results that should come at once, but, remember I tell you, it will only “delay,” for as sure as the knights of labor and the alliance followed the old grange, just so sure will something more formidable follow the alliance if it is crushed by the tricks of politicians; I said this two years ago and I repeat it now.

“You may break, you may, ruin the cause if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.”
You may break and ruin this alliance, I believe it will be done, but the sentiment is rampant in the land and it will assert itself in some way and will stay here till the farmers gain the consideration they so much deserve.

But I didn’t start out to talk politics. I have been travelling and cramped by the edict of hotels and the presence of fashionable people, till I feel good looking by this side, and I want to hug all the world and especially the old ‘oman.

Each day that comes I love her more,
Each year she’s dearer than before,
For after living down to age
She now looks back on memory’s page.

Without a blush
I hope all the young girls who read this will strive to be like her, and—

In after years, when pressed with cares,
They look back on their younger days,
And with er sigh or year-stained eye,
They retrospect the way;

Then may it be that joyful gleam
Will all their sorrows hush,
And they can say: “In all life’s way
There’s nothing brings er blush.”

SARAH PLUNKETT.
Or American White Slavery, by Thomas M. Norwood.
A politico-social novel. Price 50c, mailed upon receipt of price by John M. Miller, Atlanta, Ga., or Davis Bros., Savannah, Ga.

Try it, Mothers—Try it now.
MRS. WINSLOW’S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. Best and surest remedy in the world for all diseases of children. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When? When sores break out on your person, when pimples cover your face, when you feel weak and debilitated, and your nervous system feels shattered, when you have aches and pains, when your appetite fails, when you are troubled with dyspepsia, when there is a general functional derangement and life hardly seems worth living, give Dr. Bull’s Sarsaparilla a trial and you will be delighted at its pleasing effect. As a general health restorer and strengthener of the whole system it is superior to any other compound. It will not harm the most delicate invalid and has saved thousands from a premature grave. You wrong yourself when you delay giving it a trial.

The largest stock of watches in the south at reasonable prices. Maltz & Beckel, 30 White street.

BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK.

Review of R. G. Dun & Co. of Trade-Fluctuations in Prices, Etc.

New York, October 24.—The weekly review of trade of R. G. Dun & Co. says: Business continues large in volume and generally profitable. In many branches there is a noteworthy expansion on account of the new opportunities which the revised tariff gives the prices of stocks which have been industriously assailed during the past week, but have declined comparatively little.

The volume of other business is far greater than ever before, and the outlook is considered satisfactory at all commercial centers.

Boston finds the boot and shoe trade encouraging and prices in that line are firm, while leather is unchanged and trade in hides is quiet. Sales of wool are rather large, amounting to 6,254,000 pounds, but there is a distinct improvement in the market for woolen goods, and manufacturers are more hopeful.

Cotton goods are firm in price, while raw material declines. At Philadelphia the liquor trade is good; trade in chemicals is fair in volume, and the paint business is good, while money has become easy at 4½ per cent, and collections are on the whole satisfactory. At Chicago there is a marked decrease in the receipts of cured meats, dressed beef, lard, butter and hides, but in cheese and wool an increase, and the volume of business continues large.

The volume of business at Cleveland is much above last year’s, especially in dry goods and clothing, though unfavorable weather retards trade to some extent, and at Pittsburgh manufacturing is excellent. At Minneapolis receipts of wheat are 1,900,000 bushels; at Kansas City trade is healthy, and at Denver good.

There is rather more indication of monetary pressure at southern centers, and at Savannah receipts of 50,000 bales cotton and large receipts of turpentine and other products, but business is dull at Jacksonville and only fairly active in Louisiana region. Money markets are, on the whole, less disturbed than they were a week ago, but there is an increase in the interest of currency at some of the western and southern centers.

The most important industries are doing well. The demand for boots and shoes continues encouraging, and advances in prices of hides and leather are noticeable. The cotton business is besting because of an unprecedented consumption is apparently overmatched by an unprecedented production, and because of the capacity of the mills seems to be strong.

The markets for breadstuffs continue to advance. Wheat has risen 1½ cents during the week, corn nearly 2 cents and oats nearly 2 cents. The foreign demand affords no support to this speculation, and exports are far below those of the corresponding week last year. The market for cotton has yielded 1-16, and while exports are heavy, reports indicate the largest crop ever grown. Hops are steady and pork a shade lower, but it may be fairly said that the speculative markets, though rather less excited than usual, are at this time singularly unreliable as a measure of value.

Cash number 203, as compared with last year 188.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad is the only line running Pullman’s Perfected Safety Vestibule Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago and Springfield, Ill., and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, Ohio, and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, Ohio, and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, Ohio.

And the only DIRECT LINE between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Region and Canada. The road is one of the oldest in the state of Ohio, and the only line entering Cincinnati over two miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety. Tickets on sale everywhere, and that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis, or Toledo, E. O. McCracken, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Feb 21 city.

Ed. L. Grant Sign Company, 33 Peachtree, phone 984. Signs and banners made and shipped anywhere, clean, hard and advertising signs. April 21 city.

RAGGED REMINISCENCES.

Did you ever run a gin?
Not a ginmill—
But an old fashioned plantation gin, with ponderous wooden running gear and long levers, and two mules to pull the lever around.

Grandpa had one of those kind.

A regular old growler. I mean that it was located about a mile back in the plantation, and yet you could hear the squeaking and groaning of the wooden cogs easily from the ginhouse to the residence.

Pete and Beck were the gin mules, and two lazier descendants of the wild ass of Sahara never stemmed foddier than they.

I was ever a fated child, doomed to serve as a martyr in many a cause in which I had neither reward nor the hope thereof.

I had what the unregenerate would call a sham—of a time when I was a kid.

One of my pleasant duties, along about this time of the year, was to drive those blasted mules when the gin was running.

And just as sure as I would steal off to turn a little quiet summer on the cotton seed pile, Pete and Beck would drop into a poke, and

Popper Joe, would haul down through the hole in the floor where the gin band came through:

“Drive on them mules!”
Popper Joe stuttered so bad that it generally came:

“W-w-w-y d-d-d-d you d-d-drive d-d-d-d—”

For five or ten minutes you never saw cotton fly so. The boys would rush back and forth with the baskets, Popper Joe would crowd the gin, the seed would patter down like a rainstorm, and all would be lovely.

Then there would be a lull, and Pete and Beck would drop their heads, bow their backs, and take it easy.

Thus it would go on all day long, and the monotony was almost unbearable.

If grandpa chanced to come around there was change in the split of our dreams, and I would keep my seat on the lever and persuade those mules with a six-foot hickory

“But, oh, how weary my little arms would get, and my short legs would become cramped perched up there, riding around and around and around hour after hour with that tempting cotton seed pile before my eyes.

I think it would be hard to get out and turn a few summer on a cotton seed pile even now, as old and stiff in the joints as I am.

For five or ten minutes you never saw cotton fly so. The boys would rush back and forth with the baskets, Popper Joe would crowd the gin, the seed would patter down like a rainstorm, and all would be lovely.

released the thing and set it a going. This cord reached to the cotton seed pile.

After the test I sat down and had a good, hearty laugh over the fun I was going to have out of the thing.

Monday morning came, and you know how it always is on a plantation early Monday morning. Everybody and everything else seems to get the Old Nick in it.

I remember that very morning as I walked by the crib door, the old gray gander poked his head out from under the house and gave me such a nip on the calf of the leg that I jumped about six feet and came down in a hunch.

“Damnation take the dad-burned old—boo-oo-hoo-oo!” I would up as I flung a wet corn cob at the old traitor, and just then Grandpa stepped out and I could see that he was dying to laugh, but he said: “Go catch Beck and Pete. Big day’s work ahead. You Joe-oe!”

“Right h-h-ere, sah,” and then in his turn, just as the captain repeats the commands of the colonel, he bawled, “You T-T-Tim!”

“I’s comin’ Unc’ Joe.”
And after the regular lambasting and bawling in the corners that had to be gone through with before we could get the bride on old Pete, Tim and I mounted the mules and started for the ginhouse.

Grandpa and Popper Joe were both there, Popper Joe to feed the gin, and Grandpa to boss around awhile so as to settle his breakfast.

Uncle Joe was there, too, greasing the big screw where the cotton was packed.

“Start them mules!” bawled Grandpa.

“H-h-hurry up-p-up,” T-T-Tim yelled.

Popper Joe, and Tim went to filling baskets for dear life, while I gave the mules a cut and the old gin began to squeak and groan, and the cotton began to fall like snow in the big lint-room, and the seed came trickling down through the chute and everything was lovely.

As long as Grandpa was about Popper Joe just tried himself.

Every once in a while Grandpa would yell down through the band hole:

“Drive on them lazy mules! You’ll let the gin choke.”

“G-g-git ab-b-out, T-T-Tim! F-f-fill d-d-dam b-baskets!”

The mules were almost in a trot, but I was dying to work my rabbit foot on them.

Jumping off the lever as we went swinging around, I pulled the cord—the fatal cord—and lo!—“Clatter, clatter, clatter,” came the pattering sound on their backs, and Beck gave a jerk. Pete kicked up as high as his heels could reach, and away they went, plunging, snorting, kicking, while the old wheel went so fast that it forgot to growl.

Ye gods! I had forgot to invent a brake, or a throw-off, or some sort of scheme to stop the infernal machine.

Upstairs the gin was going “zoo-oo-oom,” and I could just hear Popper Joe spluttering: “M-m-mo’ c-c-cotton, T-T-Tim! H-h-ho-ho-ho, dar!”

A PAIR OF HONEST MEN.

They Go to Law and Discover that it is Rather Tiring Business.

From The Arkansas Traveler.
Old Abraham Dillinger sued Bill Hillard for calling him a liar. He thought that his character had been damaged to the extent of \$15, and for that amount brought suit before a justice of the peace. Just before court and Hillard approached Dillinger and said:

“Look here, Abe, you know your character ain’t been hurt \$15 worth.”

“Yass, blamed if it ain’t.”
“Now, Abe, I’ll give that \$5 will kiver up all damages, fur, Abe, you know well enough that you air a liar.”

“Yes, I know all that, Bill, but it’s one of them sorter truths that I despise.”

“I don’t want no lawyer er pickin’ at me, Abe. Tell you what I’ll do. I’ll give you \$5.”

“Tain’t enough, Bill.”
“Well now, I want to do what’s right. We are both honest men an’ good citizens. I’ll give you the \$15 if you’ll go before court, say that you was a liar an’ withdraw the suit.”

“Give me \$25, Billie, an’ blamed ef I don’t do it.”

“I’m your man.”
The money was paid, and after the court had been called to order, Abraham stated that he “mout” have told a lie, he would withdraw the suit.

“Well,” said he, after making his acknowledgment, “I’ll be goin’,” as he gittin’ long toward the shank of the eventin’.

“Goin’ out my way, Bill?”

“Not right now, Abe. Say, hold on a minute. Judge, I want this man tuck up for a arrest. He has acknowledged that he is a liar.”

“Let me see you a minute, Bill,” called Abe.

Bill went out and Abe said:
“Look here, what’s the matter with you?”
“Nothin’,” only I’m going to have the clamps put on you for this, Abe, an’ I consider \$25 mighty cheap.”

“I’ll give you \$25.”

“Thirly, Abe.”

“You must be a fool.”

“All right, Abe.”
“Say!”

“Here’s your money. I’m gettin’ tired of this blamed law business, fur that ain’t no honesty in it. Settle her up an’ let’s be travellin’.”

“I wouldn’t be a lawyer fur nothin’.”

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Shown Fo

Among the being divinity place was alloted wealth of the saints, sentiment which ment in form on this world posterity the Art became Christian sent ages an accout acts worthy of all history. The master representing

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TYPICAL SAINTS IN ART. THE GREAT POWER OF THE BRUSH In Giving Expression so as to Be Recognizable. ECSTASY, SUFFERING AND HOPE ARE Shown Forth in the Faces of Devout Men.

Among the motives used by the masters to bring divinity nearer to man, a conspicuous place was allotted to the saints. In the traditional wealth which goes to make up the lives of the saints, the artists found a domain of sentiment which allowed a felicitous embodiment in form and color. A moral cause urged on this work which was to perpetuate for posterity the sublime principles of Christianity. Art became a pictorial argumentation on Christian sentiment, transmitting to coming ages an account of saintly lives radiant with acts worthy of commemoration down through all history. The masters showed particular fondness for representing the saints. The theme allowed

tions of tradition, and blending his ideas with a brilliant imagination. His St. Paul, figure No. 4, is majestically saintly and effectively harmonious in conception. The master sacrificed much to obtain the beauty of form and detail, but the picture is, nevertheless, of grand merit.



FIGURE 4. Van Dyck's St. Hieronymus, figure No. 5, shows the style of the master when he was at school with Rubens. Van Dyck's art was serious and dignified, imbued with a profound sentiment and never venturing into a fanciful excess. The master pictures Hieronymus as the hermit in the wilderness, with no companion but a lion to share his society.

Modern art has embraced a much larger field than the art of the Renaissance. Of late years the artists have discovered that during originality brings them rapidly into public favor. The old simplicity of classical art has in part disappeared, giving place to an unbounded individualism. Modern artists aim to depict, in a very graphic manner, the most tragic scenes of life. Horrible crimes are pictured with a glow of realism, the main desire being to arouse the frightful sensations which the crimes themselves produce upon us in life. History is sacrificed to the needs of artists with its most terrible pages. As the lives of saints are full of tragic pictures, it is natural that the artists of today should adopt the saints as profitable material for their canvases. Thus we find the saintly victims of the dark ages tortured anew in the cunning realism of art. This refreshing in our minds the recollections of the heartless tyrants of the past may not aid the cause of religion, but it has certainly granted a new



FIGURE 5. Raphael seldom showed such masterly power as in his picture of St. Michael, figure No. 1. The spirit of this picture is quickened by a grand portrayal of action—an ardor of gesture but rarely equalled in painting. Every line of the composition evinces the commanding genius of the master. The subtle delineation of the movement as the saint proceeds in his

impetus to art. Now, the painters and sculptors seek for a closer delineation of emotions, becoming psychological as well as artistic. The drama of our day has taken a new direction. In order to become popular, this art has been sacrificed to artifice, stagecraft becoming a prey to mechanism. But painting and sculpture have taken due heed to preserve the true principles of art, and it is one of the most remarkable things of our age that the pictorial and sculptural arts of today are equal to the arts of any period in history. This is mostly due to the brilliant fostering of art in France.

Europe, not the general, was one of the first masters in Paris up to the time of his death, which occurred a few years ago. He was a good type of the powerful artists of our generation, firm in method, vivid in imagination, universal in his scope of treatment, having once grasped a motive. His St. Sebastian, figure No. 6, appearing after death to confront his murderers, is a conception which is in keeping with the foregoing statements. Here is an art which reveals a most tragic motive. The saint bares his wounds to our eyes, appealing to our sympathies. His picture of horrible sentiment there is no debasement of art principles. The master has

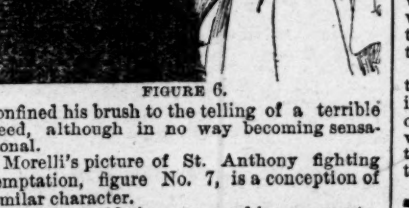


FIGURE 6. Raphael has represented Satan, or evil, as a winged monster in human form, whereas many artists portray the saint in combat with a huge serpent, the reptile being an inferior allegory of sin. What strikes us in the work of Raphael is the noble unity of thought, the ideal and the real. His figures possess a quiver of life which commands our sympathy, while his conceptions are purged from all that might be repulsive or commonplace. His thought was pre-eminently pure and his compositions were the spontaneous product of an artistic instinct.

Some artists are prone to excess, and in their ardor to uphold and embellish an idea they but succeed in caricaturing it until their work becomes a grotesque. Raphael's art abounds in sound logic and a wholesome adoption of the just exactions of art, always depicting a charming simplicity of expression. His conceptions of St. Sixtus and St. Barbara, figures Nos. 2 and 3, are famous for the beauty of the manifested devoutness. The faces assume such an appearance of spirituality that we may well credit them with saintly piety. Guido Reni was much attached to an effective picturesqueness, displaying his figures with but little regard for the arbitrary restrictions of tradition, and blending his ideas with a brilliant imagination. His St. Paul, figure No. 4, is majestically saintly and effectively harmonious in conception. The master sacrificed much to obtain the beauty of form and detail, but the picture is, nevertheless, of grand merit.

over twelve saints bearing the name of Elizabeth, one of which was a great favorite with the German masters. The tradition tells of a powerful nobleman who, when famine came into the land, filled his castle with all the grain of the country, and threatened with death any one who would be so moved to compassion by the starving peasants as to give bread from the castle's store. Elizabeth, the wife of the cruel nobleman, could not endure to live with such abundance when starvation was all about her. She would fill her apron with bread and go out among the people, giving to the needy. One day her husband came riding by and discovered her with an apron full of bread, going to relieve the starving. He asked the woman what she had in her apron, and she, terror-stricken at the recollection of her husband's threat, uttered a falsehood, telling him that she had an apron full of roses. The suspicious noble demanded to see the flowers, and to the astonishment of Elizabeth, when she opened her apron for his scrutiny, the bread had been miraculously changed to roses, and the satisfied husband rode away satisfied that his wife had told the truth. This little German tradition, with its falsehood as justifiable as that told by Desdemona, and its climax a la fairy tale, became a great favorite with the German masters. Holbein's conception of this saintly woman feeding the poor has immortalized the name of St. Elizabeth. It is a noble act on the part of the artist to give color and form to these traditions with their telling morals. Such an act comes to the aid of civilization, not only in advancing high ideals to art, but by putting its stamp of approval on Christian endeavor.



FIGURE 7. In French art there is the strange figure of St. Denis, which is today one of the most favored motives with the masters. St. Denis was beheaded as a martyr, but tradition says that he picked up his head in his hands and walked among his persecutors, convincing them of his saintliness. In the French Pantheon there is a statue by Bonnat of the famous master, representing St. Denis as reaching for his head which lies where it has fallen from the block, the radiant nimbus lighting up the eyes which glare at the cruel tyrants. This ghastly motive is treated with such masterly embellishment that the fresco will take down through the future a lasting account of the tradition, an eloquent appeal against tyranny as well as a masterpiece in art.

It was always the province of art to perpetuate the memory of heroes and noble deeds, arraying for the complex ages the grandest examples of mankind. There has existed among all nations the conviction that religious topics are the most ideal themes for art. The masters of today accept this opinion without flinching. But modern art differs from the old in the fact that the latter's high regard for classical form and arrangement has been discarded for a graphic realism. The artists of our day think that they can appeal more vividly to the mind of the people by substituting modern detail to ancient facts. It was only a few years ago that Fritz Uhlde painted the scene of the crucifixion and represented the soldiers guarding the cross as being dressed in the latest fashion of today in Germany. The outcry against such a sacrilegious indifference to Biblical tradition poured upon the master from all sides.



FIGURE 8. But Uhlde continued in the same line of work, conceiving a Madonna of the like modernity. She was represented as being of the present class—devoutly watching over the Christ-child which was asleep on a cot of modern type, the surroundings being those of a peasant's barn. On the rafters were sitting the children, dressed in the simplest robes, to take the place of angels.

Such attempts at realism may, as Uhlde thinks, bring the ideas of divinity within range of the multitudes. But there is no telling where this modernism will lead to. In a few years some daring artist will give us the conception of a St. Paul dressed in the latest English style, the aim of the picture being to appeal to the "esthetic" classes. It will be readily seen that modernism has its limits. Art cannot undo its methods, nor can tradition be shorn of its effective characteristics to please the popular appetite and the clamor for realism. If art chooses to represent for the present world the glorious pages of history colored with the local sentiment of any modern country, the result will be a debasement of tradition by coating it with the slime of familiarity. Art has ever been a genial companion to history, but nowhere is this union so marked as in the realm of religion. The saints owe much of their fame to the efforts of the masters, while the latter are indebted to the saints for the subject matter which has made art one of the leading factors in civilizing the world.

G. V. CLAYTON.

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become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

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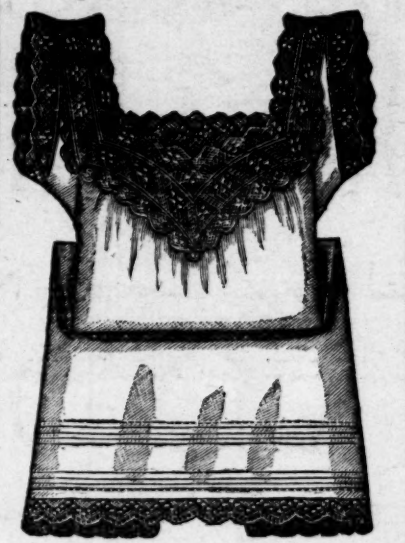
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To the question, How we can sell at so much below the usual prices, being as we are, situated in the best location in Atlanta, and having one of the largest and most beautiful stores of its kind in this country? we answer in asserting that we are the largest buyers of these articles, and therefore buy for less money than others. We obtain our goods, with few exceptions, direct from manufacturers, buying them exclusively for cash. Being the largest buyers, we are necessarily the largest sellers. Thereby we are able to turn our money so quickly that what would be no profit to the small dealer becomes in the aggregate a fair profit to us.

Our Prescription Department is well worthy a few special words. It is situated in the rear of the store, away from all noise and confusion, is fitted up with all modern appliances and supplied with the best of everything. Dr. Fred B. Palmer is in charge of this, and he has here a department capable of saving money for those who favor it with their prescription patronage, and one, for the work of which he can justly claim superiority in neatness, rapidity, accuracy and quality. We will be only too pleased to have physicians, or others interested, inspect this department.

On the third floor of our building is situated a complete Laboratory for the manufacture of our Medicinal Supplies and the Jacobs' and Palmer's specialties. You will notice we have called attention to these specialties in a modest way all through the list. They are not Specimens, but we call for them. Toilet Luxuries and Remedies, which we guarantee to do all claimed for them. We make them after formulas of the most skillful practitioners of medicine, and after methods of the greatest scholars of chemistry. Any article made by us that is not absolutely satisfactory has only to be returned to us and money will be cheerfully refunded.

You will notice the prices of our preparations are remarkably low when compared with others that they are intended to replace. Do not think this is owing to any sacrifice of quality. It is because of the comparatively cheap method we employ of calling your attention to them and having you deal directly with us.

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Delectable	33	Pierce's Favorite Prescription, bottle.	69
Topical Clinchona, cordial.	66	Sage's Catarrh Cure, bottle.	35
Huon's Rheumatic Cure.	66	Brown's Essence Jamaica Ginger, bottle.	35
Radway's Ready Relief.	33	Mellin's Food, can.	37 and 50
Cheney's Expectorant.	15	Nestle's Milk Food, 40c; dozen.	40
Toothline.	33	Hall's Hair Renewer, bottle.	57
Pond's Extract.	33	Ayer's Hair Vigor, bottle.	35
Lactogen.	68	Sozodont, bottle.	50
Lemon Elixir.	75 and 85	Vin Marianni Cocoa, bottle.	59
Pitt's Hair Dye.	34	Swandown Powder, white and flesh, box Sand 10	
King's New Discovery.	34	Pearson's Powder, white and flesh, box.	35
Fischer's Cough Syrup.	15	Samuel's Bloom of Nino, box.	33
Bull's Cough Syrup.	33	Viola Cream.	33
St. Jacob's Oil.	35	Blush of Roses, bottle.	63
Loth's Extract, in 1 oz. bottle, all odors.	34	Congress Water, bottle.	15
Darby's Fluid.	34	Buffalo Lithia Water, bottle.	50
Alcock's Plasters.	15	Hathorn Water, bottle.	15
Benson's Capsine Plasters.	68	Hoyt's Cologne, bottle.	18
Rose jars filled with extra fine Pot Pouri, each.	39	Hunter's Invisible Powder, box.	19
Dr. J. A. Magill's Orange Blossom, box.	74	Hood's Sarsaparilla, bottle.	67
Bradycoria, bottle.	66	Hunyard Water, bottle.	25
Brown's Iron Bitters, bottle.	67	Hypophosphite, Fellows', bottle.	59
Jacobs' Fragrant Cologne, the most lasting of all perfumes, regular \$1 size bottle for	50	Mexican Mustang Liniment, bottle.	18
velours, colors of heliotrope, violet, jockey club and white rose, each.	10	Pain Killer, bottle.	19
Compound Quinine and Dover's Capsules, a specific for colds, an old and efficient remedy, box.	25	Leibig's Extract Beef Anker, jar.	40
Warren's Mocking Bird Food, bottle.	25	Hoff's Malt Extract, 30c; dozen.	38
Syrup, Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs and colds (money refunded if not satisfactory).	15	Gosnell's Cherry Tooth Paste.	50
Domestic Ammonia, full pint, bottles.	15	Jewberry & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste, jar.	41
Antipyrine, in capsules, dozen, 25, 35 and Davidson's No. 50 Atomizers.	150	Carter's Little Liver Pills, bottle.	13
Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Restorer Cream.	111	Tutt's Pills, box.	13
Horstler's Acid Phosphate, bottle.	33	May Apple Pills, box.	10
White Rose Soap No. 4771 (8 cakes in box), box.	45	Compound Cathartic Pills, box.	10
Colgate's Cucumber Balm Soap, cake.	21	All 25 Pills at.	10
Cuticura Soap, cake.	15	Fackler's Tar Soap, cake.	15
Hagan's Magnolia Balm, bottle.	48	Bradfield's Female Regulator, bottle.	68
Bay Rum, St. Thomas, bottle 14c, 24c and 48c.	48	Holmes's Liniment or Mother's Friend, bottle.	99
Hay Bitters, bottle 14c, 24c and 48c.	48	Murray's Cyclone Liniment, bottle.	33
Hottel's Bitters, bottle.	75	Powers & Weightman's Glycerine, 5 oz. pt 40	
Brown's Bronchial Troches, box.	18	Electric Hair Curlers each.	21
All Worm Candies, box.	25	Winslow's Soothing Syrup, bottle.	13
Moore's Cod Liver Oil, bottle.	15	Canadian Catarrh Cure, bottle.	13
Stone's Cod Liver Oil, bottle.	15	Smith's Worm Oil, bottle.	17
Scott's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, bottle.	68	Brewer's Lung Restorer, bottle.	65
Phillips' Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, bottle.	68	Bosche's German Syrup, bottle, large.	50
Wampole's Tastesless Cod Liver Oil, bottle.	68	Vaseline.	35
Gouraud's Oriental Cream, bottle.	99	Vaseline Camphor Ice.	10
		Vaseline Cold Cream.	15
		Warner's Safe Cure, bottle.	50
		Paragoric, pint.	50
		Castor Oil, Baker's, pint.	25
		Quinine in Pills or Capsules, 1 grain 5c, 2 grains 7c, 5 grains 10c, 5 grains, per doz.	10
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25 Bags, sponges—all sizes—best goods; popular prices.

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We firmly believe that you can buy from us today at more reasonable prices than you can possibly from any importing retail house in the land, because we have our goods all purchased before the rise on account of the McKinley bill, and we have not and will not change the prices. It will pay to see our imported dinner set cloths 20 feet long, with full size napkins to match. Our Towel stock is as near perfect as we know how to make it, and we advise all who desire nice goods to examine and price with us.

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We have never been so well supplied—we have all prices from a mixed colored 10-4 to the finest 12-4 lamb's wool with silk binding. Our Eiderdown Comforts are exceedingly popular, and we now have quite a variety in prices.

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Every lady feels interested. And we invite all, and especially visitors, to call at our store and examine these beautiful goods. They are on exhibition for that purpose. Don't feel that you will be importuned or even expected to buy goods, for you will not. We are anxious for all the ladies and men, too, to see the goods that will go into the homes of those who, by energy, perseverance and capacity will be fortunate enough to win them.

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BILL ARP'S CHAT.

THE INVESTMENT OF MONEY IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

What Money and Brains Have Done at Bluffton—Money from England and the North Building Waste Places.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan are circulating among us now. They are perusing our country with a pocket full of money, and if anybody has got anything to sell there is a good chance for a good price. They don't like each other very well, for both are manufacturing and are competing for the trade of the civilized world. But both are candid, and seem to like us, and say we have got the richest mineral treasures in the world. Brother Jonathan is not yet got tired of protection, and if anybody has got anything to sell there is a good chance for a good price. They don't like each other very well, for both are manufacturing and are competing for the trade of the civilized world. But both are candid, and seem to like us, and say we have got the richest mineral treasures in the world.

Last week I mixed and mingled with a hundred Yankees from Boston and Bangor and Portland. They came down in their own palaces and camped at Bluffton, a new and growing town about thirty miles below Rome and by invitation I met them there. My son and myself sold that iron property to some Yankees about two years ago, and I wanted to see what money and brains were doing with it. I hardly knew the place. Three of my boys had been there for months, and I had shipped their ore to Chattanooga and Birmingham, and made some money, but it was hard, dirty work. The natives were a rough, rude people, and knew no strike for higher wages just as well as the Knights of Labor. Some times we had eight or ten ox teams, and some times we had none. Sometimes the oxen were turned loose in the woods and the drivers were running blind tigers for a living. In wet weather the roads to the bluff were awfully bad, and the poor steers suffered from becoming a steer. I have been sorry for them all my life. But we sold the property and now they have broad streets and graded roads and a fine hotel and electric lights and handsome dwelling houses and grassy lawns. They are building an armory 220 feet long and 70 feet wide. Just think of it! A factory to make guns and pistols so that our boys can have plenty of them ready for the next war. They have nearly finished a plant for car wheels, and before long the busy hum of machinery will be heard along the banks of Terapin creek. These visiting Yankees were charmed with the scenery around Bluffton; for it is, indeed, grand and beautiful. They were charmed with the climate, the air and the water, and when the sale of town lots began they bid freely, and most that were sold brought from \$50 to \$500 a foot. In about two hours over \$75,000 were invested by them, and it took but about five acres to cover it. Much more was purchased at private sale and no noise made about it. These men mean business and say they had rather build a town than boom one. They are all rich—Yankees and all—and they are all looking at them with a satisfied, comfortable manner—you can tell them. I've studied them in Atlanta. I've watched Major Wallace and Moore and Marsh and Kiser and Lowry and Wylie and Merkleham, and even George Adair is beginning to carry himself proudly. That is all right. I like to see it when a man has earned his own money and earned it honestly.

Will these Yankees at Bluffton all look that way? I don't suppose there was one that could draw a check for \$100,000. How different appears the man who sits on a straw! He has a hunched and sallow look. He may be pleasant and smile and tell anecdotes, but he soon relaxes into a care-worn appearance and seems to think that everybody knows he hasn't got any money. Most of these Yankees were democrats, and all were friendly and gave us right smart talk. A real mean republican won't

come south. He has abused us so long and so much that he feels ashamed to look us square in the face and so he won't come. From Reed would take a thousand dollars, but General Anderson came, and he is a gentleman from head to foot. His son is the president of the Bluffton company. The general ran against Tom Reed for congress once and came within 112 votes of being elected—what a pity!—but our comfort is "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth." Bluffton has just started out in life. They have but 300 or 400 people there but they know what they are about. Already they have a public school with near a 100 children in attendance. Not many of them their own children but all the little chaps of the neighborhood have been invited and now they wash their faces and comb their hair, and are looking up and have a hope of being somebody. Some of them are the children of the steer drivers and the rough men who dig in the woods, but the Yankees are civilizers and are doing good, and I hope that lots of them will come down and live with us and give us the benefit of their money and their brains, their economy and contrivance. Just such invasions will solve the race problem and many other problems. Mrs. Arp wants to know if it will solve the cook problem. Yes, it will. I never saw a Yankee in that Bluffton hotel, where there were 150 guests. White girls waited upon us at the table. They were pretty and they had been to Europe. Yes, it will solve the cook problem. I never saw a Yankee in that Bluffton hotel, where there were 150 guests. White girls waited upon us at the table. They were pretty and they had been to Europe. Yes, it will solve the cook problem.

I found Dr. Mann very jubilant over his great Methodist university which has been located on a beautiful hill that overlooks Bluffton. The work of laying the foundation is to be begun at once. He informed me that he had ample funds to put up the building, and was now securing the endowment. "How do you go about that," said I. "Why," he said, "we will write for it, and we will let it among the rich men of the nation, and every now and then some man like Rockefeller surrenders, and gives away a million. The world is full of rich men, and I have no fears about the endowment." A few days ago I happened in Chattanooga while Johnny Bull was there, with his iron and steel men, and he came over to spy out the land. They, too, were all rich, and some of them were nobility. They had been to Birmingham and all about and seemed to be amazed at the possibilities of the south. What struck me most was their assertion that the south had hardly begun to work out her manifest destiny, and that nothing was in her way but the false theory of protection. An iron master from Sweden declared that their labor did not cost half as much as ours, but had better food, better houses and better clothing, and every child was educated free of expense. "I paid \$20 for this overcoat in New York," said he, "and I can duplicate it at home for \$7. The wages we pay our laborers will buy for them more of the necessities of life than the wages you pay. Your tariff will keep your common people poor, and it is a wonder to us that they don't rise up as one man and overthrow protection and crash it to the ground."

Another speaker said that no president could be elected on the platform of McKinley bill, for the people were now aroused to its oppression upon the poor man and protection had run its course in the United States and was on its last legs.

I believe that with all my heart. The war will be the next issue, and tariff reform under Cleveland will whip the fight—such is my faith.

Many a poor little sickly child has been saved from the grave by its skin another giving it Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyer, which the little one thought was candy.

Masons, bricklayers, carpenters, builders, plumbers and painters will, in their respective lines, find Middleborough, Ky., attractive—for work is always plentiful, steady and continuous, and wages are higher than in the large cities.

Faulkner, Kellam & Moore are the only opticians in the south who can grind their own glasses. 22 Old Capitol building.

ANNETTE'S ROMANCE.

All the nineteen years of her life—ever since she was an infant, in fact—Annette Raymond had felt a strange antipathy for George Wortley, her father's employer in a large mercantile business. There existed no tangible reason for this feeling, and Annette had tried very hard to overcome it, but without success. Mr. Wortley was a handsome man, broad, gentlemanly, well educated and a favorite with the ladies. Half the girls in Manchester had tried vainly to captivate him; his hard heart still held out and refused to be captivated. He was forty years of age now, and owned the finest house in town, to say nothing of the splendid horses, the elegant carriages and the rare collection of paintings, which were worth a fortune in themselves.

A year previous to the time of which I write Annette Raymond's father had died, and her brother Edward had been received into his place as head clerk with Mr. Wortley. Their business was a wholesale one, and they employed a great many clerks. Among them, and trusted as much as any person about the warehouse, was Lester Arnold, Annette's betrothed lover.

Arnold was poor, having nothing but his salary, but his family was highly respectable, and for her marriage, Annette and her father, the young man's individual talents and requirements were quite sufficient to make him acceptable to a girl of Annette's strong common sense. She loved him well enough to be willing to risk the life of a poor man's wife, and he loved her well enough to be willing to work to make her a home.

One morning, about a month before the day fixed for her marriage, Annette was arranging a bouquet of magnolias and moss roses which Lester had just sent her when the servant brought up Mr. George Wortley's card.

An impatient expression escaped her lips. She did not want to see him, but courtesy demanded something for a gentleman of his standing. She went down to the parlor without even glancing at her lovely face in the mirror, and when a woman does a thing like that you may be sure she is thoroughly indifferent to the visitor.

"My dear Miss Raymond," said he, drawing her to a chair, "will you please be seated? I have a somewhat painful revelation to make to you."

"Wondering, yet not greatly anxious over anything Mr. Wortley might have to say, she took the seat indicated; but he would not suffer her to withdraw the hand he had taken. "Miss Raymond, before I breathe a word of what I have come to say I must have your promise that you will keep it a secret; as, of course, if you value his safety you will be only too glad to do so."

"Whole safety?" she asked, haughtily. "Mr. Lester Arnold?" She continued to the ladies. "Will you tell me what you mean, sir?" "When you have promised to be silent?" She bowed her head.

"I will not mention what you tell me, Mr. Wortley."

"Very well; your promise is as good as your oath. Lester Arnold has forged the name of my firm, and—"

"It is an infamous falsehood!" she cried, indignantly, springing to her feet.

"I wish it were!" he said, sadly; "I should be \$500 richer, for he has drawn just that amount out of my pocket. You had better listen to me calmly, Miss Raymond, and be satisfied that I can prove what I say."

And like one under the influence of a horrible nightmare, she listened while in his calm, business way he told her the story, putting the case before her so plainly that the veriest child might have understood. The evidence against Lester Arnold was perfect—hard as she tried to disbelieve the charge, reason forced her to acknowledge that there could be no mistake.

What she felt—what she suffered—I cannot describe, but she was a very proud, high-spirited woman, and she gave little outward sign of the anguish within. Mr. Wortley wondered

greatly to see her take it so coolly, and began to doubt if, after all, she had loved Arnold so very deeply.

"Well," she said, when he had finished, "what will you do? You will not proceed against him?"

"The law must take its course, Miss Raymond."

"No! You say that you alone know of this—this—"

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A GREAT PLACE

WHERE SHOPPERS LOVE TO VISIT.

THE LEADING VARIETY STORE.

It Has Many Attractions This Season—A Big Stock of Goods that Must Be Disposed of—Fancy Prices Forbidden.

Hurrah and hurrah again! This country is booming; everything bespeaks prosperity. The season has come for the merchant to sell goods, and the people are now buying their supplies.

A perplexing question with many is where to buy.

There are thousands of people in all great cities who would give a great deal if they only knew where to trade.

There are many points for the great majority to consider. It pays everybody to be posted.

Here are a few considerations:

You want

To get the best goods,

To get the latest styles,

To get the cheapest prices,

To get prompt and polite attention,

To get bargains, if there are any.

Now, where are you going?

"Well, first of all, that depends on what you want to buy."

Do you want a watch?

Do you want a clock?

Do you want a diamond ring or pin?

Do you want jewelry of any description?

Do you want silverware?

Do you want a gold-headed cane?

Do you want an engagement or marriage ring made to order.

Do you want eye-glasses or spectacles?

Do you want to save money on what you buy in the above line?

If so, visit L. Snider's, 84 Whitehall street, the best place to buy such things.

A big assortment and cheapest prices, and everything guaranteed to be strictly as represented.

SOMETHING MORE.

Do you want China? (Elegant line of new goods.)

Do you want crockery of any description?

Do you want fancy and plain glassware?

Do you want a new lamp?

Do you want anything in cutlery? See my carvers.

Do you want a pocket knife or razor?

All you need to do is to make up your mind what you want and come to L. Snider's, 84 Whitehall street, and get it.

Do you want anything in stationery?

Do you want a blank book?

Do you want fine box stationery?

Do you want cheaper stationery?

Do you want lead pencils and erasers?

Do you want a scratch pad?

It is not to be told here what you do want, but if you want anything, and just as soon as a quarter of a dime, come to L. Snider's, 84 Whitehall street.

AND STILL MORE.

Perhaps you want a picture.

Do you want a looking glass?

Do you want a picture frame?

Do you want a bracket?

Do you want something and don't know what?

"Well, you can get it, and get it cheap at L. Snider's 84 Whitehall street."

Notions by the wholesale.

AN INVITATION.

Everybody is invited to visit the Great Variety Store, 84 Whitehall street. Come and look around. You don't have to buy just because you come.

You are invited to come and inspect the stock. Ask for what you don't see. Give any time and come often. Tell your children to come to L. Snider's, 84 Whitehall street, for their toys and games. Come yourself, and buy as much or as little as you please. You will find the stock immense, and a great variety, and low, very low prices.

Cut this out.

A Beard that Trails the Ground.

From the Globe-Democrat.

The most wonderful beard ever seen in this country, or perhaps in any country, is worn by James Keith, of Caldwell, Tex. Mr. Keith, who was recently in this city visiting his brother, Dr. A. W. Keith, was requested by your correspondent to show him the full length of his beard, which wears plaited and done up in a silk cloth under his shirt front. When unbraided and combed out it reached, not only to the floor, but swept back nearly two feet, notwithstanding its owner is a man of ordinary stature.

A careful measurement showed it to be a little more than seven feet in length. Not long since Mr. Keith declined a handsome offer from F. T. Barnum to travel with him, and assign as a reason that he was the owner of two kids in Texas—one of sheep and the other of children—and he could not consent to leave them.

Subsequently Mr. Keith wrote him that he was anxious to see his remarkable beard, and offered to pay the expenses of a trip from Texas to New York if he would visit him. Mr. Keith accordingly made the journey to New York, where he spent several days as the guest of the great showman.

Mr. Keith is but forty-two years of age, and this wonderful beard is the result of twelve years' growth.

HEADS OF FAMILIES

And All Housewives Read With Care.

Our trade is growing wider, broader, larger every day.

There is hardly a day passing that some one does not add their name to our list of patrons, recognizing the vastness of our business, the excellence of our goods, combined with low prices we do not marvel that this is so. It is a recognized fact that upon all great occasions in Atlanta all rebuffs affairs have been supplied with a great or greater portion of delicacies served from our store. On all sides can be seen in ample quantities goods from the remote portions of our globe. Our extended experience in business with the combined qualities of a high order of service makes it easy for us to lead. Remember that it is no easy matter to cater to the wants and demands of a cosmopolitan people of a city of Atlanta's proportions. Here we have a people who can claim portions of our common country in their birthplaces. We also have a people who are recognized as travelers, whose tastes are cultivated, and who are competent judges of the things and who know a good thing when they see it. Now to business.

Our new invoice of maple syrup and our duck-buckwheat flour has arrived—try both. Our fancy Cape Cod cranberries, our turkeys, fat and dressed turkeys upon short notice, or hang in a house until wanted. Celery supplied by the dozen at lowest rates. All kinds of fancy California fruits in 3-pound cans by wholesale or retail. Why pay 50 cents per pound for coffee when you can come to our store and buy our celebrated Brijano at 35 cents per pound. It is an equal blend of Mocha, Maricao and Java. We have our own coffee roasted and packed in the city. Make up your mind to try one pound. Our fancy Jersey butter at 30 cents, is the finest in the city. Pay 40 and 50 for some not as good as ours. All our goods are perfectly fresh, new sales are larger, consequently fresher.

We solicit the accounts of all who desire cash service and quality. Our prices are as low as in a great many instances cheaper than any house in the city. Twenty-five barrels more of those fancy Long Island Sound Irish potatoes at our store.

Have & Trust.

Call and see us.

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84 Whitehall Street.

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NEW YORK, October 25.—[Special.]—A big amusement deal has been pending all the week between Judge Hilton's agent, Colonel Dodge, corner Ninth street and Fourth avenue, Stewart building, and Katie Putnam and her managers for Old London Streets, situated at 728 and 730 Broadway, near the Iron Works building, corner of Grace street.

Old London Streets was built about two years ago as an exhibition temple wherein the old streets of London were reproduced, but the venture failed to pay, and pocketing an enormous loss the projectors closed the building, which has been unoccupied since, or for a period of eighteen months, and has failed to realize its purpose.

But at a point forever under the attention of Katie Putnam and her managers was called to it.

The building is erected in the old paint old London style of architecture, and it was suggested that it was the very place as a "Home for Little Nell," especially striking as she is doing "The Old Curiosity Shop" exclusively during this season and in which she begins her New York engagement tomorrow night. As Old London Streets now stands there are but three or four walls. The building has a Broadway frontage of 100 feet with a depth of 185 feet, and a height from floor to ceiling of 100 feet. A lease for a term of years has been decided upon, at an annual rental of \$25,000, and to fit it up as a theatre will cost about \$100,000, a little sum. The actress and her friends think that the venture will prove a profitable one and that the necessary expense need not be considered. It is designed to present the "Curiosity Shop" in a manner never before attempted, to have scenes painted direct from the quarters from which the great novelist drew his characters; and that her venture with all its elaboration and expense is justified, the critics affirm that she is Dickens's most faithful interpreter; that she is the realization of the author, and that she is the realization of the artist, and role of the actress. The building is the home of Little Nell and the Marchioness, the antipodes of her art, her acting is a revelation. She closes a week's engagement of "Old Curiosity Shop" in Brooklyn tonight, and her friends in Atlanta and everywhere throughout the section reached by THE CONSTITUTION will be glad to hear of her complete success. Her Broadway home, which it is intended to have ready for her reception at the end of the next season, will itself be called "The Old Curiosity Shop," or the "Home of Little Nell."

It isn't often, says Stage News, that an old crowd gets the smaller end of a joke, but the Clevelanders sometimes get caught, and this is how his above-the-board manager Mr. Warner has been above them. The first act man, appearing early without the faintest suggestion of a joke on any one, and particularly not upon his own people, he thought Mr. Goodwin until recently, when Warner was told by him that he ought to read a play which a certain

Very respectable and dignified old gentleman—had constructed particularly for him. For awhile Mr. Goodwin, who had been kept at him in a manner, both childlike and brutal, by Warner, consented to receive the writer and listen to his play. The appointment was made for 11 o'clock, and the clock struck twelve when Goodwin breakfasted early and was waiting for his guest. A walk would be, when the old gentleman was announced, and the trio ascended to Mr. Goodwin's room.

The play was a comedy, and the play was the most common place rubbish, entirely unworthy of a win, so he locked the door, drew a comfortable

chair before it, and with the greatest courtesy begged the gray-haired and rather pompous old man to begin. During the very first scene, Goodwin began to look first at the author and then at the audience. He moved a muscle, and the monstrous reading went on. The second and third scene Goodwin began twitching in his chair, but Warner soothingly told him to hold on, and so the first act was finished, Goodwin having been soothed into a state of morose resignation to begin act two. Goodwin made several desperate attempts to get away, but Warner kept his seat, and the author continued while Goodwin pulled daggers at Warner, whispering cuss-words at him. The second act was over, and to his despair, went at the reader with all the chaff at his command, changing the most sentimental scenes to howling burlesques, but still the author kept on. The third act was over, and Goodwin perfectly delighted with the play. Goodwin finally sank into his chair, a very disgusted young man, and as the last word of the second act was finished whipped his watch-out of his pocket, and told Warner to get up. He said, "I regret that what he has made for him on "that" very important business, and that he must hurry away to keep it. Warner failed to remember, however, that he had just been told to get up. In conclusion, when it suddenly struck him that the author must be dry. On a solemn promise to Goodwin to come back for the third and awful act, the author persuaded Warner to join them, and to down the cuss-words. Goodwin finally finished his play himself for a minute, and the author hasn't seen him since. It took Warner three weeks to square himself, and Goodwin says it will take three millions to get him to go to any place to another play. Warner's recommendation.

Seven Julietts had been announced, but Adelaide Nelson had become suddenly indisposed and could not appear. The fall was opened by Fanny Davenport, who disposed of the balcony scene, and then came the "nursing" scene, with Mary and the "nurse and nuptial" scene. Then came Minnie Cummings in the "banishment" scene, and next Marie Wainwright appeared in the "parting" scene. "I am not a D'Urvie in the least," said Marie. "The 'dragnet' scene, played by Marie Granger," said *The New York Tribune*, "who proved a genuine surprise, and revealed the remarkable dramatic ability of this lady. She was deservedly recalled twice and unquestionably carried off the honors of this singular performance."

The tour of Maude Granger in "Inherited" is under the direction of Mr. W. M. Wilkison, who has been the manager of the company since the merger of tragedian Robert Downing in "Spartacus, the Gladiator." Mr. Wilkison has represented some of the first attractions that have toured the country, and has been manager of the English Opera Company, Milan Italian Opera Company, the American tour of the English stars, William Terriss and Miss Millward, from the Adelphi Theatre, London, and other prominent attractions.

The importance of the drama in the daily existence of New Yorkers is well illustrated in the number of columns devoted to things theatrical by all of the metropolitan dailies. Each paper makes a special feature of theatrical gossip and the sayings and doings in and about the play houses are eagerly sought for and printed and as eagerly read. Inasmuch as the average New Yorker finds the most of his recreation within the walls of the theater, the prominence given theatrical items by the press of the great city is not at all surprising.

A singular fact in connection with current theatricals in New York is that more than half of the attractions of the various theaters are either in themselves purely vaudeville entertainments or partake largely of the nature of such performances. The popularity of this form of entertainment is at present highly popular. Seeing that the vaudevilles which nightly assemble in a theater with an offering of this character, the conclusion would be immediate that the profit must be enormous.

The expense of staging a high class vaudeville exhibition is not very great, generally speaking. The weekly expenses of a general entertainment foot up a bigger sum than the cost of putting on a glittering spectacular extravaganza. In the case of the recent production by Martinetti Pantomime and Company at the Academy. Leaving out the cost of traveling to and from Europe, the salaries of the artists, and their accessories, the weekly expenses were about \$10,000 to \$3,000 each week. This figure was, like

when it is known that the three Hanlons receive in the neighborhood of \$500 for their joint weekly services, the distribution of the balance among the remaining forty-seven members of the organization leaves only an average of a trifle over \$30 for each. Not by any means a fancy salary as such things go.

"All the Comforts of Home" seems to be a big winner.

winer. Hill, the theatrical manager, has never been to a horse race or played a game of cards. He is even totally ignorant of the great game of poker, and he couldn't tell you for the life of him whether "three of a kind" should beat "two pair" or not. But he has a great love for horses, and to "horse race," as he is a great lover of horses, and not long ago he sold to Frank Siddall a famous pair of carriage horses, Westmore and Lorena, for \$35,000. Just now Mr. Hill's greatest ambition is to buy a horse named Apollo, which he has seen in a newspaper and referred to his "Apollo-like form." You may be sure none of his friends miss an opportunity to refer to the compliment, and sometimes probably Mr. Hill develops wisdom as he has been born.

Among Maude Granger's earlier experiences on the stage, was her appearance as one of the six Julietts in the famous beauty performance, given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1907.

There are two Spanish dancers in New York now. Otero has skipped lightly upon the platform and has announced herself as Carmencita's rival to the death.

Otero's little feet twinkle and her supple body twists and sways at the Eden Musee, also in Twenty-third street, but nearer Broadway. Sixth Avenue, between the rivals—a significant fact. Like Artcimus Ward's, the Eden Musee is a moral show, with nothing to shock, unless it be the Chamber of Horrors in the basement, and even here a good deal of imagination is required to obtain a shock.

When Carmencita became the rage in the concert hall as well as in private houses, and when her managers began to blossom out with real jewelry, a large demand for Spanish dancers arose. Naturally, the only person to fill this demand was a professional. It is an inspiration. The *gitana* dance as the bird sings, and managers find her difficult to trap. Often, too, when she is trapped she loses her art, like the bird in captivity. A Carmencita is a fortunate chance.

The *gitanas* gather at the village fountain when the sun is high. They are rarer, too happy. Jest and laughter abound. The thrumming of a guitar is heard and the dance begins, no one can tell how. The men and women stand around, cracking their fingers and shouting encouragement. The dance stops as suddenly as it began, and the women are gone. All that remains, nothing is artificial. But the man, peasant into a theater, and how long would their simplicity last? About as long as it would take to exchange their many-colored rags for silks, satins and laces; to replace the purple of their swarthy cheeks by

Otero is very handsome. Her face is of the pure Spanish type; her complexion is the true morena, and her eyes are of the deepest hazel. It is all that has been written about Andalusian beauty. A beautiful adverbial agent is authority for the statement that then august King Alfonso pronounced her the most beautiful woman in Spain; but then the agent is not, strictly speaking, a part of the statement.

Otero has studied under the best masters in Europe. The result, not unnaturally, is that what she has gained in art she has lost in desecrultura. Her grace, delicacy and finish appeal to the connoisseur, but they do not take one by storm like the more robust and more realistic music of the other performers.

The performance begins with a theme excerpted by guitarists and dancing girls. Then Otero appears on grande toilette. She sings a Spanish love song, or perhaps something lighter that has

"La Paloma." One song succeeds another. Otero's voice is pleasing, and has been carefully trained, while her face and her gestures are full of expression.

But it is the dance that people want, not the songs. For this she wears the costume of a Spanish peasant: a short skirt of red and black, a close-fitting waist, a short velvet jacket and a round black velvet cap. Pink flowers are in her black hair.

Of her dances, the jota is marked by the sensuous grace of the postures. The movement is slow and languid. Hips, feet, neck and bust sway to and fro, backward and forward, revealing one graceful pose after another, while the outlines of the figure present a succession of curves of beauty.

"Auda! auda!" and "Olle! olle!" the delighted spectators shout, and as the music of the guitars becomes livelier, the movements of the dancer become quicker. This is another dance; it represents the courting of a maid, and very lively it is. Flowers rain down upon Otero, the Spanish part of the house, particularly, is in raptures, and the applause is deafening as Otero winds up with a low bow, and sweeps backward on the stage.

One more dance. This time we have the bolero, and it is here especially that art seems to have interfered with nature to a disadvantage. One would think that the bolero was the energy that is expected in the dance, and that it is too much of Otero's masters; the last little of Otero's

Frederick Warde and Mrs. Bowers.
For years Frederick Warde has held a prominent place in the history of the drama. He was born to be an actor and, at once, assumed leading

Booth, John McCullough and others. For the past two years he has been prominently and consistently engaged in portraying "as a star the leader of the nation," and his performance in this service certainly gives Mr. Warde a stringent claim for first place among the most illustrious of our tragic actors. He possesses magnetism in a high degree, and a fine audience to tears and laughter in rapid succession. His voice, in his voice flexible, capable of expressing volumes of sound and descending to the low, sweet notes of pathos. Mr. Warde has a magnificent figure, tall and slender, with a fine, well-developed physique, as an athlete. He, aided by nature's endowment, has won and held his position by thoroughly consistent action. His performance in "The Sign of the Cross" has been by far the most successful. This season as a star, clearly demonstrating the firm hold he has on the popular imagination, he has been able to overcome the national opposition to all new exponents of classic roles, and the admirers of his original work. He has been the most successful of thousands in every important city in America. For this reason he has associated with him Mrs. D. P. who is well and favorably known almost everywhere the English language is spoken. They are a well-known couple, and their beautiful players and are presenting for their chief play, "The Sign of the Cross," which is a masterpiece, for which has not been seen here recently, and for which special scenery and rich and historically accurate costumes are provided. This is one of the most romantic of the classic plays and has peculiar opportunities for spectacular or startling pictures of lasting interest are said to be given.

On a grand scale of prices, considering the importance of the attraction, will be maintained, and the audience will be able to see the star play, so the opera house should be crowded.

Robert Mantell.

In "Monbars," which the excellent young actor, Robert Mantell, is to produce at Detmold's opera house on Wednesday evening and at the matinee on Thursday next, there are a number of admirable stage plays, especially in the closing acts of "The Climax" and "The Four." In the first, Mantell confronts his wife with the physician who has traced the poison to her and in turn is himself traced by the police. The latter is one of the most thrilling situations ever presented on stage, and the close attention paid to this act by the audience shows the strength. Another powerful "Climax" is the one in which the French playgirls show their superiority over their English and American competitors, and in which Mantell's character is shown to be as strong as "Monbars," but only his "Two Orphans" has surpassed the success of the other famous plays. The last play, in which Mr. Mantell appears to some advantage, is "The Production here of Alexander Dumas' Brothers," on Thursday evening.

and especially those who have seen the play produced many years ago. As Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Mantell has won a distinguished success throughout the country, and his interpretation of the twin heroes has been favorably compared to Fechter's, who was the original of the two parts. The version of this drama used by Mr. Mantell is the same as was lately used by Henry Irving, at his Lyceum theater, in London. It is divided into six acts and tableaux, and con-



tains many wonderful vision and ghost scenes. The tricks, traps, visions, vampires, slides, scenery and costumes are very elaborate, and were specially prepared for this revival. There are twenty-five acting parts, and the story is very exciting to the people who produce the drama. In the fifth act of "The Corsican Brothers" there is a duel fought with broken swords that has attracted widespread attention, and Hillary Bell's celebrated painting, "The Duel in Fontainebleau," is an exact reproduction of this thrilling encounter.



Vernona Jarbeau.

We fear no contradiction when we affirm that Miss Jarbeau is the greatest singer to be the great hit of the season. For three weeks she has been on her tour in the south, and from Richmond to New Orleans she has been the favorite of every admirer of every theater-goer. Everybody wants her to come again this season, and, since *Lotha*, nobody has obtained such instantaneous success. Her repertoire is so large that it is impossible to give a list here is given in the following extra praise of *The Macon Telegraph*, of Thursday:

"Miss Jarbeau is a singer to be kept them at home last night missed the best show that has so far visited Macon this season. The orchestra was excellent, and the orchestra leader calls made the play last night long after 11 o'clock."

Miss Vernona Jarbeau has succeeded in gathering about her a troop of ardent and such one is rare. She has a large number of admirers on the road. Both the singing and dancing was clear up above par and the fun was of a kind that is not often met with. Her laugh is hearty and yet hurt the sensibilities of no one.

Miss Jarbeau was naturally the center of attraction. Her eyes were turned to her, her eyes and looked at the audience she captured every man in the house, and every song she sang

derfully well, and so pleased the audience that she was forced by recalls to go on dancing until she was completely worn out. Miss Lillie Sinclair also danced well. She was, however, so small and light that it seemed to be a second nature.

As a comedian Mr. Bert Coots is a wonderful success, and his face seemed built to create laughter. He seemed to enjoy the fun he made almost as much as the audience did, and his dancing was equal to the rest. Mr. Andy Amann took the part of Dutchman excellently without the usual extreme coarseness, which is generally considered part of the character, and the audience thoroughly appreciated the change. The whole performance was a cut and no good that the audience was delighted with. The other character, Miss Jarbeau will be greeted by an immense audience tonight, and even if the storm continues most of those who were there last night will be there again to see her.

Few appreciate the constant duties performed by the Kidneys, yet fewer appreciate how easily these important organs are deranged. The Kidneys are bean-shaped, filled with veins,

arteries and little tubes; these tubes filter the water from the blood; the water thus collected is poured into the ureters, and by them conducted into the bladder.

Another function of the Kidneys is to eliminate urea, uric acid and other waste products which so quickly poison the whole system if left to course through the blood.

Now, when the Kidneys become diseased, and fail to discharge their important functions, the skin, the bowels and lungs undertake the work of elimination—a, work these organs are untrained to perform.

is a true Kidney tonic. It is quickly taken up by the blood and is filtered out by the little Kidney tubes, and is consequently directly applied to the affected spots.

Stuart's Gin and Buchu
is the remedy that will make you well.
Sold by all druggists. n r m

B. S. DRAKE, D. W. OWEN, W. A. SPRAGUE
B. S. DRAKE & CO.,
Real Estate Bargains,
No. 5 West Alabama Street.

We call your attention to what we consider one of the best investments, on a small scale, now on the market. If you have \$3,000 to invest, you can buy a small tract of land in the city of Seattle, consisting of ten lots especially suited for renting purposes, of improved, within from two to five minutes' walk of eight hundred employees, all making good salaries. The electric car to the tract is a good thing, and the tract is surrounded by a nine-mile circle within 300 feet of this genuine bargain. The East Atlanta Land Company, Copenhagen Land Company, as well as Inman park surroundings. If you are awake for a good investment, don't miss this.

\$2000—FOR JOHNSON AVENUE LOT,
near foot, to Twenty-first street,
with a nice home. Such bargains are few and far
between: near the Boulevard.

\$2000—Six lots at Mattapan, all new, on Mar-
tinez street. Buy these for an investment—
they are cheap.

\$7500—On Alexander street, near Williams
street, lot 50x130; Peachtree street; less well
and close in.

\$6000—Ellis street, 50x190, near Williams.
\$2000—Holderness street, West End, 60x28,
six rooms and barn.

\$1000—Corner of Chestnut street, 67x130. Convenient
street-car and school.

\$5500—Ellis, corner Calhoun, 75x190, five rooms, gas
and bath.

\$200—Garden street, next to corner South street,
41x162, cheap.

\$200—Two acres on South Boulevard street,
near Piedmont Exposition grounds. Money
here, don't delay.

\$200—If you have property for sale or rent,
to place their interest with us. We deal on the
square with both buyer and seller.

JAMES W. CO.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS
32 Pages.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

SECOND PART.
Pages 13 to 20.

VOL. XXII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ALLIANCE WEEK.
Over 75,000 Alliance-
men Will Visit
THE EXPOSITION
THIS WEEK!

THE GREATEST WEEK OF ALL! ALLIANCE WEEK!

ALLIANCE LEADERS
Will Speak to the People
THIS WEEK!
LET EVERYBODY COME!

SIX DAYS DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE FARMERS OF THE PIEDMONT REGION!

Greatest Exhibits and Most Pleasing Attractions Ever Presented!

◀ A SPLENDID PROGRAMME FOR EVERY DAY. ▶

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27th.

A full and complete programme for this day. Visitors can see the real Exposition to great advantage. The amusements will be all that a critical public can demand.

TUESDAY, October 28th.

WEDNESDAY, October 29th.

THURSDAY, October 30th.

ALLIANCE DAYS.

Nine couples will be married on these days, dressed in cotton bagging, in commemoration of the downfall of the Jute Trust. The gowns of the brides are the most beautiful and elaborate ever worn on such an occasion. They have been prepared by the most skilled artists in this line. More than 50,000 people will witness these hymeneal ceremonies in the grand amphitheater on the foregoing dates.

The great Alliance leaders of the United States will be here and address the people. Everything possible for the pleasure and instruction of the people will be provided, and the thousands of visitors who visit the Exposition this week may have this assurance.

Saturday, November 1st, is "Baby Show" Day. Every mother in 100 miles of Atlanta should see the thousands of "Little Tots" that will be on exhibition that day.

THE GREAT WILD WEST SHOW,

Under the direction of Pawnee Bill, will give daily and nightly exhibitions on the grounds. It is the fullest and most complete show of its character on the continent today. It ranks in splendor and equipment with the great show of Buffalo Bill, and has attracted and entertained millions of people in the last few years.

Everybody is coming to the Exposition this week. This has been a season of prosperity and plenty. The Piedmont Exposition is offering the greatest attractions, the greatest inducements.

The railroads all over the South have given Special Rates so the people can come and see the prosperity of the Piedmont Region.

ATLANTA WELCOMES YOU! COME!

THIS WEEK IS ALLIANCE WEEK! COME!

THE ALTAMAHA PLAN OF CUTTING PINE TIMBER EVERY EIGHT YEARS.

An Object Lesson in Forest Preservation—
Can the Legislature Regulate Cut-
ting in Private Forests?

The other day, in southwest Georgia, I learned something about the propagation of the yellow pine, which has a bearing on the question of preservation. Yellow pine does not propagate itself when the ground is entirely cleared. The young saplings that grow in the open clearing never attain a respectable size.

When a long-leaf pine forest is left standing and regularly thinned of the largest trees every eight or ten years, the younger ones grow more rapidly and take the old ones' places. The saplings in turn come up, gradually taking the places of the medium-sized trees, which have taken the places of the first cut out, and so of a sturdy character and make no such lumber as the trees which preceded them. This may seem strange, but it is a fact abundantly verified by the observation of the forest.

There seems to be something in the shade and litter of the forest which makes the young trees grow tall and straight with smooth, straight grain. It is on the same principle as planting tomatoes. When the seed is sown thickly in a bed the plants grow up tall and slender, but when the plants are thinned out, they grow stubby and short.

The missing trees will be replaced by new sprouts quickly growing up into saplings. These new saplings, appearing as the woods are thinned out, are long-leaf pine. Had the forest been entirely cleared they would not have been long-leaf. This is a curious working of nature's laws, hard to understand at first, but if we examine it closely, we will find out something of the secret.

In the first place there is more moisture in the forest than in the open ground, and moisture makes rank vegetation. The litter of the forest holds the moisture by checking the flow of surface water, holding it as if it were in a sponge, and by reducing evaporation to a minimum. This has been shown by long series of observations in European forests, and the difference between the open field and the forest has been found very great.

But coming nearer home a practical test of the matter has been made in the Georgia forests. Major R. J. Bacon, who grew up in that vicinity, says that lumbermen have been cutting long-leaf pine from the forests on the Altamaha river for sixty years. They cut out the largest trees every eight years, leaving the younger ones to grow. The thinning out has the same effect on a forest that it has on a bed of plants. It makes the remaining ones grow faster. Thus, if the fifteen-inch trees were cut and all the twelve-inch trees left, the latter, having more room, would become fifteen-inch trees by the end of another eight-year period. Or, if twenty-inch trees were taken and all from sixteen inches down left, the sixteen-inch trees would grow to a diameter of twenty inches within eight years.

The experiment came about on the Altamaha through the custom of taking only trees large enough to make twelve-inch boards. That required a tree about eighteen inches in

diameter, leaving a three-inch slab on each side. When no trees smaller than this were taken, there were enough young trees left to replace the old every eight years.

With this object lesson on the Altamaha, the legislature need not be in the dark when it undertakes to regulate the cutting of timber in the forests.

Right here an interesting question comes in. Can the state regulate the cutting of timber on private property? That is a point that will no doubt be raised by any whose temporary interests lie against restriction. The precedents of governments which have seriously considered the question are against those people. It may seem strange to a citizen that the government should come in and say what shall be done with private property. He thinks it intolerable that it would be did not his use of private property affect the public.

It is impossible, except by the most superficial view, to consider a forest as private property solely. It bears the same relation to health and to agriculture that a waterworks system bears to the city. It is the reservoir, whose destruction means incalculable injury, not only to the owners, but to all the surrounding country.

It is the irresistible logic of observations that the destruction of forests removes the main barrier between agriculture and drought, between the people and famine. Not only does the forest act as a reservoir for the water that falls, but it materially increases the rainfall. Remove every tree from the country and it would soon become a desert. Indeed, the Sahara has remained which is a once fertile soil, capable of sustaining human life.

The forest is a pair of the endowment of the state, and if it were regarded solely as private property, not many years would pass before the people would suffer. Where it is so manifestly a question of public welfare, the right of the state to interfere can hardly be questioned. The fact is that the state has already set the precedent. Only last fall, the legislature enacted a law prohibiting the cutting of turpentine boxes out of season.

A few facts about the turpentine industry will show what wholesale destruction it threatens. One still will take the gum from 1,000-acre forest that would yield a handsome revenue for years to come, if only the large trees were boxed and cut for lumber. When the owners of this magnificent timber belt wake up to the possibilities of perennial revenue they will refuse to sell the license to destroy it for a paltry sum. The question is one of immense importance, affecting resources worth, at the low estimate of the census, \$100,000,000 in Georgia alone. W. G. C.

Brady's Cured Headaches for Mrs. M. J. Hastings, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure is a specific for chills and fever, mild in its action and warranted a certain cure. 50 cents.

PETTICOATS IN CAMP. How They Stirred Up the Boys and Made Them Happy.

WASHINGTON, October 20.—"Westward, Ho!" is one of the striking frescoes in the capital. It covers the wall above the broad landing half way to the house gallery. A party of pioneers on the way to the gold diggings has reached the crest of the Sierras. The promised land is spread out below. At the highest point on the crest two men are planting the flag. Only the foremost in the caravan have reached the top. They are standing and gazing. Behind them their companions are scrambling and climbing over the rough road to reach the high ground. In the van, with his head bowed, his rifle slung in his hands, a youth, with an earnest, thoughtful face, is poised upon a jutting rock. He is paying no attention to the scrambling crowd behind or to the excited guide in front. He is looking, as if he saw a vision, upon the scenes below him. The youth's hair falls to the collar of his red shirt. His face is smooth. The figure, from the stout boots to the well-thatched head, is sturdy. The youth personifies the line above:

Westward the course of empire takes its way.
He left Yale college to join the Argonauts of '49. He is now United States senator—William Morris Stewart, of Nevada.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST WOMAN.
In one respect the picture is inconsistent with the facts. The artist has given the wagon train a complement of the weaker sex. When Stewart, the student, went to California, the women were left at home. The miners occasionally lapsed into romances. One of the best stories he tells is of the arrival of the first woman in the mining camp. The boys had tolled with pan and rocker at Washoe for three years without so much as a glimpse of a sun bonnet. Late of an afternoon a mighty shout was heard. The cry was taken up and repeated until it rang from end to end of the gulches: "Petticoats! 'Petticoats!"

Down went the picks and shovels. The red-shirted miners swarmed up the hillsides. An emigrant wagon, "all the way from Pike," was slowly moving along to a camping place. A lone "Puke" sat on the seat in front. The lucky miner who had raised the shout told how he had seen a live woman sitting beside a man when the wagon first hove in sight. But as soon as he gave notice by the warning cry, she had dodged back out of sight beneath the canvas cover. Piled with questions by the more fortunate, the miner described in glowing detail how the woman was dressed and what she looked like.

That evening, while the helicos of pork were sizzling and the coffee pots were bubbling, the miners discussed the great event. The more they talked the more they felt that they must see a woman. Somebody proposed a purse and a visit to the emigrant's camp. One after another the picks and shovels were laid in gold dust when the last contribution was turned in. Then, forming in line and looking very solemn, just as they did when they marched in to see "The Luck of Roaring Camp," these miners started for the wagon of the Missourian. By a unanimous vote "Bill" Stewart had been selected for spokesman. He walked at the head of the procession and carried the bag of gold dust. As the column approached within sight of the little camp the leader told a flutter of drapery at the front of the improvised tent. Then the flap was hastily drawn, and as the miners approached they saw only the man of the outfit, and he gazed rather apprehensively at the array.

THE WOMAN BROUGHT OUT.
A big ring was formed; Stewart advanced to the center. He explained to the traveler

that the boys meant no harm to him or his, but it had been three years since some of them had seen a woman. In fact, until the arrival that afternoon, the gulches of Washoe had never been honored with the presence of petticoats. The boys had deemed the occasion worthy of recognition. They had made up, not exactly a jackpot, but a purse, which he was commissioned to present to the lady. The Missourian listened. At the little speech he turned to the boy and grinned. When Stewart held up the buckskin bag the emigrant's eyes grew big. He turned and started with alacrity for the tent.

"Sally," he said, "come out and show yourself. The boys don't mean to hurt you. They've got something for you."

Leading the frightened woman by the hand, the Missourian returned to where Stewart was standing. Stewart handed over the buckskin bag with his most elaborate bow. The woman stooped, made an awkward acknowledgment and scooted for the tent. As she disappeared there went up a shout which made the welkin ring and coyotes hunt their holes for miles around.

Sleeplessness, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, dullness, blues, opium habit cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at drug stores. Mail 10c. Mrs. M. M. Co., ELKHART, IND.

Leading Druggists Grocers
Sell Excelsior Springs, Mo., waters.
Always sold in bottles—never in bulk.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered action. Only one pill a dose.

If you feel any apprehensions of Cramp Colic, don't delay any time, but take a dose of Lamara's Diarrhoea Mixture, and repeat if necessary.

BA gleaming gift indeed, is a piece of Dordlinger's. Cut it out of the dealer should show you such a display as will make your eyes dance. The genuine has Dordlinger's trade-mark label on every piece.

YOUR BLOOD
Piles (Hemorrhoids) are blind, bleeding, and protruding; all produced by the same causes, which are constipation, irregular habits, natural weakness (hereditary), etc. They are generally considered dangerous only when they endanger life or health from loss of blood. They are the parent of all other diseases of the bowels, such as ulceration of bowels, cancer, stricture of urethra, together with fatal anæmia, and all their fearful results. Such being the result of neglect, can you afford to take such chances? You may dread the severe operation you have been told was necessary to cure you; if so you need not wait any longer to their treatment. I have acquired an experience in the successful management of all cases entrusted to my care. If you want to be treated for any of these troubles I will treat you, promising the recent and most improved treatment with positive results. For further particulars call on me at my office or write for information. Always give a reliable answer. Respectfully,
DR. JACOB L. KLEIN,
475 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

WHISTLING ANIMALS. Strange Creatures That Infest the Flowery Olympic Mountains.

The Whatcom Revelle has the following: After lunch we passed through a beautiful piece of bottom land, teeming with flowers, red and yellow monthly musk, fringing the banks of the stream where it spread out over the meadow in a dozen different channels. Charlie wanted to stop and take up 100 acres, but Campbell told him, "Too much plenty snow in winter," and after vainly trying to drink the creek dry we passed on. Another turn brought us to the base of a steep, bare, stony mountain. Skirting this and climbing over some big rocks, we suddenly came into a lovely grass country. Like the prairie in summer, every conceivable flower seemed to bloom and blossom in the grass; the place was ablaze with red, blue, yellow and white.

We must have passed through 500 or 600 acres of it, and every here and there a rippling stream ran widely through it. The place was a perfect paradise, and, thank goodness, we had got out of the dark valley and stood in the bright, warm sunshine. We were now close to the head of the Quileene, and we eagerly pressed on. Presently we met a dog, and close after him his master, who turned out to be Mr. Ransom, going from the head of the Dungeness of Port Townsend. He gave us cheerful accounts of the elk, and also kindly took a letter into town for us. At 5:30 o'clock we camped under Sentinel rock, about a mile from the divide. This rock stands boldly out alone, in winter the snows guard the entrance to the valley of the Dungeness.

Suddenly the mountain sides seemed to be alive with men whistling to one another, when—and one would turn sharp around only to hear another and a shriller whew—on the other side; and in winter the whistles, about the size of a fox, with long, bushy tails, running about from rock to rock, sometimes lying down, but more often sitting bolt upright, like a ferret does. We shot a couple of small ones that night, and afterwards shot several more larger ones. Campbell called them whistling dogs, and declared they were good to eat; but the smell was enough for us. Their odor is peculiar, but not fragrant. They have two long teeth in front like a beaver, and feet almost shaped like a squirrel's feet. I believe their right name is mountain beaver.

Wherever we went afterwards in the mountains, as long as there was grass, we saw these whistling dogs, as we got to call them. I liked to see them; they seemed to make the place cheerful and lively, and were very tame. In winter they have long burrows under the snow, and their coats are a dark gray; in summer they are yellow. Their skins should make good fur, and I think would pay for being trapped in the winter months. Our altitude this night was 5,450 feet, and we christened the place "Stone Camp," from the terribly stony ground we had to sleep on. The night was warm until about 4 o'clock a. m., when it got fearfully cold, and we were almost frozen.

Fathers buy it, mothers prize it and the children take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"Your only safety is in acting promptly," if you suffer from any of the following ailments:
Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar."

Merit: "Familiar to All."
Purity: Hood's Sassaaparilla.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST ASK FOR THE

CORLISS BRAND

Best Quality,
Correct Styles, Perfect Fitting,
Best Linen.

COLLARS & CUFFS

This Trade Mark
Will be Found on
The Best Collars and Cuffs
MADE.

sept.-dlist sun n r m

MOTHERS' FRIEND

SHORTENS LABOR
LESSENS PAIN
ATTENDING IT
DANGER TO CHILD

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

"Mothers' Friend," is worth its weight in gold. My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other children than she did altogether with her last, after having used four bottles of "Mothers' Friend." It is a blessing to expectant mothers, says a customer.

HENDERSON DALL, Carmel, Ill.
Having used two bottles my sixth child was born with no pain comparatively.
Mrs. L. O. VAUGHAN, Sheridan Lake, Cal.
Wonderful—relieves much suffering.
Mrs. M. M. BREWSTER, Montgomery, Ala.
Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Book to mothers mailed free. BRADFORD'S REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Railroad Commission Tariff

EVERY MERCHANT AND SHIPPER SHOULD have a pamphlet giving the freight rates for every article of shipment over Georgia railroads. We have corrected the railroad commissioner's tariff rates to October 1st and have published same in pamphlet form of 30 pages. Send 15 cents to THE CONSTITUTION JOB OFFICE and we will send copy to any address. 9-25-dit.

TO PRINTERS!

For Sale!
A LOT OF SKELETON CHAIRS, 18 1/2 x 20 1/2 inches, inside; also a lot of book chairs of various sizes, with cross-bars, all complete, and in best condition. Address: CONSTITUTION JOB OFFICE, Atlanta, Ga.

WHIMSICAL WILLS.

QUEER REQUESTS MADE BY QUEER TESTATORS.

A Legacy for "My Dear Monkey"—An Englishman Who Left His Daughters Their Weight in Bank Notes.

From an Exchange.

The making of wills by most people may be said to be a thing that is unpleasant to do at best—indeed, so unpleasant is the idea associated with the will-making that many neglect to make wills altogether and die intestate. Whimsical people, when they do make wills, usually produce characteristic documents. They rarely consult a lawyer, fearing, no doubt, that he might counsel them against doing what they intend. But whimsical bequests have sometimes served a useful purpose, and instances are not unknown of such bequest having been made by lawyers themselves.

Here is a case in point. William J. Hackett, a lawyer, who died in New York some years ago, left a will containing this curious bequest: "I am informed that there is a society composed of young men connected with the public press, and in early life I was connected with the papers, and have a keen recollection of the trials and troubles that I have then and ever will bubble for the toilers of the world in their pitiful condition, and as I desire to think of them with a little sympathy, I hereby bequeath to the New York Press Club, of the city of New York, \$1,000, payable on the death of Mr. Hackett."

There is probably no more profitable class of business to a lawyer than that arising out of disputes about wills, and the following extract from a French advocate's will will fully express his opinion of his clients: "I give 100,000 francs to the local madhouse. I got this money out of the estate of a lunatic, and in litigation; in bequeathing it for the use of lunatics I only make restitution."

It is recorded of a rich old English farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed that a legacy of £100 be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in cases of this kind, he again doubled the sum; and, when told that this was quite contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor: "Aye, but him as gets her'll deserve it."

A testator has considerable latitude given him in the expression of his wishes in his will, and as he is not bound by the rules which he writes or dictates in such an instrument, he can be very cautious and very just. This is well illustrated in the following extract from the will of John Hylett Stow, an Englishman, which was proved in 1781: "I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the river lying the level hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, if the same can be bought for the present price; if not, in memory of the present it to be a king's counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating on it, and by a comparison between that and his own virtue he be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable—a grateful remembrance of past friendship and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence. This I direct to be presented to him in lieu of a legacy of £3,000. I had by a former will, now revoked and burned, left him £100,000, which he has squandered at the reading of that will, his feeling may well be imagined."

M. Colombes, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former partner, a Mr. de Rouen, when he left her by his will a legacy of £1,200 for having, some twenty years before, refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "he has lost his fortune and is independently and happily as a bachelor."

An uncommon case of eccentricity on the part of an Englishman occurred something over fifty years ago. His will contained the following unique paragraph: "I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jacko, the sum of £10 sterling per annum, to be enjoyed by his sole and exclusive use and benefit, to my faithful dog, Shock, and my well-beloved cat, Tib, each a pension of £5 sterling, and I desire that in the case of the death of either of the three the pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided. On the death of all three the sum appropriated to this purpose shall be used for the keep and care of a greyhound, the mare to be kept in a comfortable, warm, loose box, and not to be put to work either in or out of harness, and that her back should not be crossed by any member of her late husband's family, but that she should be ridden by a person of light weight, not above four days a week, and not more than one hour each day, at a walking pace."

A curious and peculiarly hard case came before a vice-chancellor in London in 1880. The facts are as follows: A Miss Turner died, leaving a large real estate to her father for life, and then to her brother, on these conditions: "But if my brother shall marry during my life without my consent in writing, or if he has already been married, or hereafter shall marry a domestic servant," then such bequest to her brother was void. The brother, it appears, came into possession of the said estates, and died in 1878, leaving a widow and two children. The suit was instituted against the widow, claiming that the ground that testator's brother had forfeited his title to the legacy by marrying a domestic servant. It was contended on behalf of the widow that she had been a housekeeper, and not a domestic servant. The vice-chancellor, however, was of the opinion that the widow was a domestic servant, and thus the legacy was forfeited.

A bequest, made by a Frenchman, may be styled "a new way to pay old debts"—that is, if it was availed of. A Frenchman, who was a French grammarian, was in receipt of several pensions, but he was not a very rich man, and he was not a very careful man. He was a very kind man, and he was a very generous man. He was a very good man, and he was a very wise man. He was a very brave man, and he was a very noble man. He was a very great man, and he was a very famous man. He was a very good man, and he was a very wise man. He was a very brave man, and he was a very noble man. He was a very great man, and he was a very famous man.

Dr. Dunlop, of Scotch origin, but at one time a senator of the United States, was a very singular will. The doctor is described as having been a jovial and kindly man, and his will certainly bears witness to his characteristics. Here are some of its peculiar features: "I leave the property at Galbreath, my sisters — and — the farmer because she is married to a minister whom—may God help him—she respects; the latter because she is married to a minister, and she is likely to be for she is an old maid and not marketable for her own sake. I leave my silver tankard to the family. I would have left it to John himself, but he would have melted it down to make a snuffbox, and that would have been sacrilege."

"However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box; he can only make a temperance horn out of it. I leave to Parson Chevasse my silver snuffbox, as a small token of gratitude to him for taking my snuff. I leave to no man of taste would have taken it. I leave to John Caddell a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slavishly wife."

I leave with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister, because she is an old maid, and she needs it, and, therefore, necessarily goes to boarding; and also my grandfather's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid take snuff. It was no doubt, fortunate for this affectionate brother that he had left the scene of life before his sisters were aware of the way in which he had remembered and characterized them, or there might have been some family dissension.

The following very whimsical bequest is taken from a Scotch newspaper: Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in bank notes. A finer pair of paper weights was never heard of, for the oldest got £21,000, and the younger £27,344.

Edmunds, Esq., of Monmouth, England, bequeathed a fortune of upwards of £20,000 to one of his daughters, a lady, residing near Monmouth. Mr. Edmunds, who had so handsomely provided for this man who would not speak of or see him while he lived. Again, in 1775, a Mr. Henry Funtone, of Alton, Hampshire, England, died worth about £7,000 in the funds, and, having no relation, he left this amount to "the first man of his name who shall produce a woman of the same name, to be paid them on the day of their marriage." Mr. John Innes, a well-to-do Lincolnshire farmer, was evidently of the opinion that having "expectations" is far less energetic than one having none, for it is recorded that he for many years suffered his son to go to another farmer as a laborer, but by his will left his hard-working son the handsome sum of £15,000.

A French lady, who died in 1882, desired by her will that her heart might be placed in the tomb of her second husband, but her body in her first husband's tomb, in America. In England it is not uncommon to hear of unmanageable sons and escapee nephews being cut off with a shilling, but the following case of a wife being so treated is a new one. In 1722, in England, died, and his will, when opened, was found to contain this peculiar clause: "Whereas it was my misfortune to be married to a very unsteady wife, for many years after our marriage, by her turbulent behavior, for she was not content with despising and abusing me, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse to her nature that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be a more obstinate and unmanageable woman, and the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the fidelity of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Herodotus could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good, and, as we have lived separate and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me, therefore, I give her a shilling."

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WHAT IS GOING ON IN ELECTRICITY.

Recent experiments have suggested various directions in which the use of the search light can be extended. One of these is the vertical projection of the light rays, by a special adjustment of the lamp, so as to throw a brilliant shaft of light high into the air. It is said that this can be seen further than any other analogous mode of communication. The explanation of its effectiveness is that a fog does not obstruct close to the water, and that the beam can be seen by looking up into the almost total obscurity by fog; so that the amount of fog which the light has to penetrate to gain a view of this soaring beam is not so great as that behind which the ship is hidden. Testimony to the value of the search light is afforded in the fact that many of the steamers on the large inland lakes, and the steamers Rhode Island and Connecticut of the Providence line, plying on Long Island sound, are fitted with it for use in fogs.

The number of electrical appliances for wearing upon the human body in the efficacy of which people are deluded into believing is legion, and notwithstanding all the warnings that have been given, and the exposures that have been made of these fraudulent frauds, there are many who still imagine that electrical belts, braces, corsets, etc., have a strong tonic power. In the same line, every day met with, who carries in his pocket a bit of electric arc light carbon, so that some of the lingering electricity may soak into his body, and drive away his rheumatic twinges. All these notions have no other foundation than a person may stand close to a powerful magnet, and never feel the slightest magnetism, and the prevalent theory that the magnetism attracts the iron in the blood and thus induces a more vigorous circulation is absolutely fallacious. That is in a great degree the abuse of imagination, and it has been said that the people who are taken violently ill after riding a few blocks on the electric cars are ready to be rated as first-class cranks as far as imagination is concerned. A current of electricity, properly adjusted as to strength and duration, may be very advantageously passed through the body under certain conditions, but magnetism has no effect whatever upon the human system.

Professor W. D. Mark's prophecy, which has been going the round of the papers, that within ten years the journey from New York to Philadelphia will be made in thirty minutes, on a train going at the rate of 150 miles an hour, is by no means an extravagant one. In point of fact the length of time given for the accomplishment of this distinct progress in modern rapid transit, gives a very wide and safe margin. A car can be seen today propelled over a track at a speed of 120 miles an hour, and while the important problem of dealing with the excessive resistance of the atmosphere at such high speeds, which is now engaging the attention of some of the first electricians of the country, is solved, there is every reason to believe that this same car may be made to travel at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Electricity is now widely supposed to be capable of doing everything under the sun, but in the matter of its application to rapid transit, it is difficult to exaggerate the possibilities which lie in the near future.

It is noted, as showing that even the gentlest and wisest of men sometimes make mistakes, that the habits of the owl, and only venturing into the streets at night. After the passing of the little he possessed to meet the claims of his creditors, he adds: "Still, as it may be found that even he has this habit, my library and effects, these funds will not suffice to pay my debts, the only means I can think of to meet them is that my body should be sold to the surgeons on the best terms that can be obtained, and the product applied, as far as it will go, towards the liquidation of any debts it may be found still owe. I have been of very little service to society while I lived. I shall be glad if I can thus become of any use after I am dead."

Dr. Dunlop, of Scotch origin, but at one time a senator of the United States, was a very singular will. The doctor is described as having been a jovial and kindly man, and his will certainly bears witness to his characteristics. Here are some of its peculiar features: "I leave the property at Galbreath, my sisters — and — the farmer because she is married to a minister whom—may God help him—she respects; the latter because she is married to a minister, and she is likely to be for she is an old maid and not marketable for her own sake. I leave my silver tankard to the family. I would have left it to John himself, but he would have melted it down to make a snuffbox, and that would have been sacrilege."

"However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box; he can only make a temperance horn out of it. I leave to Parson Chevasse my silver snuffbox, as a small token of gratitude to him for taking my snuff. I leave to no man of taste would have taken it. I leave to John Caddell a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slavishly wife."

I leave with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister, because she is an old maid, and she needs it, and, therefore, necessarily goes to boarding; and also my grandfather's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid take snuff. It was no doubt, fortunate for this affectionate brother that he had left the scene of life before his sisters were aware of the way in which he had remembered and characterized them, or there might have been some family dissension.

The following very whimsical bequest is taken from a Scotch newspaper: Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in bank notes. A finer pair of paper weights was never heard of, for the oldest got £21,000, and the younger £27,344.

Edmunds, Esq., of Monmouth, England, bequeathed a fortune of upwards of £20,000 to one of his daughters, a lady, residing near Monmouth. Mr. Edmunds, who had so handsomely provided for this man who would not speak of or see him while he lived. Again, in 1775, a Mr. Henry Funtone, of Alton, Hampshire, England, died worth about £7,000 in the funds, and, having no relation, he left this amount to "the first man of his name who shall produce a woman of the same name, to be paid them on the day of their marriage." Mr. John Innes, a well-to-do Lincolnshire farmer, was evidently of the opinion that having "expectations" is far less energetic than one having none, for it is recorded that he for many years suffered his son to go to another farmer as a laborer, but by his will left his hard-working son the handsome sum of £15,000.

A French lady, who died in 1882, desired by her will that her heart might be placed in the tomb of her second husband, but her body in her first husband's tomb, in America. In England it is not uncommon to hear of unmanageable sons and escapee nephews being cut off with a shilling, but the following case of a wife being so treated is a new one. In 1722, in England, died, and his will, when opened, was found to contain this peculiar clause: "Whereas it was my misfortune to be married to a very unsteady wife, for many years after our marriage, by her turbulent behavior, for she was not content with despising and abusing me, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse to her nature that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be a more obstinate and unmanageable woman, and the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the fidelity of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Herodotus could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good, and, as we have lived separate and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me, therefore, I give her a shilling."

WHAT IS GOING ON IN ELECTRICITY.

that, to place one's self in the path of the current from a fifty-light-ampere dynamo, would be equivalent to attempting to stop a thirty-five horse power engine in the manner just described.

Among the interesting points connected with the large gathering of electricians at the last convention of the National Electric Light Association, may be mentioned an incident in the career of D. M. Steward, one of the visitors. Illustrative of the new conditions prevailing in the south. Mr. Steward is an Iowa man, who fought straight through the war, and afterwards established himself in the electrical industry at Cincinnati. A few years ago he moved to Chattanooga, in order to be nearer his base of supplies, and there he has remained. The most interesting fact in connection with this migration of a northerner to the south is, that his present country residence stands right on the spot where, as a soldier, he bivouacked before the battle of Chickamauga. Applying as it does, historic ground that has so closely and personally interested him, he has converted one part of his beautiful residence into a war museum, and it contains all manner of quaint and suggestive relics, all of them gathered on the spot.

A well-known electrical authority of the United States navy, in allusion to an important point which electricity is destined to play in the naval warfare of the future, says that a comparison of the art of electricity in warfare at its present stage with that prevailing five years ago, shows how a comparatively insignificant application may come to be of immense importance. He takes this as an indication also of the tendency in modern warfare to accomplish a desirable end by any effective means, no matter how complex or how expensive. If a ship is to go into a fight she must whip. A lost battle is a national regret for which the government is bound to make good. The most important example of the application of science to practical things. Science is daily coming more into our lives, but in no department of life is she making more progress than in warfare, and in warfare no branch of science is making more progress than electricity.

Edward Bellamy, in his recent paper on "First Steps Toward Nationalism," advocates the assumption by the government of the existing telegraph lines. He says: "As to the advantages to the people which would result from a government telegraph service, it is sufficient to refer to the fact that the corporation which at present does nearly all the telegraph business of the country, pays out of its profits a great interest on a capital about four times as great as the expenditure which would be required to duplicate the entire plant, the latter figure being admittedly less than \$20,000,000. The government telegraph service could be furnished at one-fourth the cost of the present service, even assuming that the same interest would be paid on the investment, which is an unnecessary assumption, as there would be no need to issue bonds for the small sum required to buy or build the lines." The fact is ignored that where governments have taken possession of telegraph lines in the past, they have not by any means been unimpaired blessings. Mr. Bellamy also says: "Nationalists everywhere are agitating in favor of the assumption and conduct by municipalities of local public services, such as transit, lighting, heating and the water supply, which are now rendered by corporations; and they vehemently oppose any franchise for such purposes." So far as the item of lighting is concerned, it is well known that the assumption by the municipalities in this country of city electric lighting plants has been a complete failure. A city in North Carolina has recently sold its municipal electric lighting plant to private owners, agreeing to relieve the city of all pending liabilities in connection with the light plant. Negotiations are pending in several other cities for a sale of their plants to the local or private electric lighting company, as they have found that it was impossible to produce the light, when managed by public means with no return in the business, as cheaply as could be done by a private corporation whose managers were financially interested in its success.

Paper tubes are coming into use for carrying gas, water and electric cables, and some of the most improved forms of these pipes now being exhibited in Vienna are highly spoken of. The method of their manufacture is curious and interesting. The width of the paper is equal to the length of a given pipe. The paper runs first through molten asphalt, and is rolled upon a mandril of wood, the size of which depends upon the size of the pipe. When cool, the mandril is removed, and the inside of the tube is covered with a kind of enamel, the composition of which is kept secret. The outside is covered with a bituminous lacquer and sand, and it is said that a comparatively thin pipe will withstand a very powerful pressure.

His Husband May Think It Has.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

There is a great deal of a woman's name, but it will not alter her nature.

GEORGIA MIDLAND AND GULF R.R. Through coach to New York and Atlanta, and after this date the following schedule will be operated:

SOUTH BOUND, DAILY.

No. 50.	No. 52.
Leave Atlanta via C. & R. R.	7:00 a.m.
Leave Griffin via C. & R. R.	8:30 a.m.
Leave Atlanta via R. R.	9:45 a.m.
Leave McDonough via G. M. & G. R. R.	7:40 a.m.
Arrive Griffin via G. M. & G. R. R.	8:20 a.m.
Leave Griffin	8:35 a.m.
Arrive Warm Springs	9:55 a.m.
Arrive Columbus	11:30 a.m.

NORTH BOUND, DAILY.

No. 51.	No. 53.
Leave Columbus	1:00 p.m.
Arrive Warm Springs	2:20 p.m.
Leave Griffin	3:35 p.m.
Leave Griffin Central R. R.	4:00 p.m.
Leave Griffin via C. & R. R.	8:35 p.m.
Arrive McDonough via G. M. & G. R. R.	7:40 a.m.
Arrive Atlanta via G. M. & G. R. R.	8:20 a.m.
Leave Atlanta via C. & R. R.	9:45 a.m.
Leave Griffin via C. & R. R.	8:30 a.m.

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W. J. VAN DYKE, Vice-President. JOHN K. OTTLEY, Assistant Cashier.

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W. H. PATTERSON, Dealer in Investment Securities.

Room 7, Gate City Bank Building.

ATLANTA AND FLORIDA RAILROAD A Schedule in effect from October 1st, 1890.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 2.	No. 6.
Leave Atlanta	8:00 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:15 a.m.
Leave Savannah	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	10:30 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	11:00 a.m.
Arrive Fort Valley	1:00 p.m.
Leave Fort Valley	1:30 p.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	4:15 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:15 a.m.
Leave Savannah	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Atlanta	8:00 p.m.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 1.	No. 5.
Leave Fort Valley	8:00 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	10:30 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	11:00 a.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:15 a.m.
Leave Savannah	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Atlanta	8:00 p.m.
Leave Atlanta	8:00 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:15 a.m.
Leave Savannah	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	10:30 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	11:00 a.m.
Arrive Fort Valley	1:00 p.m.
Leave Fort Valley	1:30 p.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	4:15 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:15 a.m.
Leave Savannah	4:30 a.m.
Arrive Atlanta	8:00 p.m.

Stop at and make connection with C. & F. R. at Fort Valley for points in southwest Georgia. Departures and arrivals at E. T. V. & Co. passenger depot in Savannah. 19-day

No. 5 and 6, daily, except Sunday. Passengers arrive and depart from E. T. V. & Co. Junction at Savannah. 19-day

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THE CONSTITUTION. ATLANTA, GA. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1890. THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

BY J. L. M. CURRY—FRANKLIN COLLEGE.

In the September "Nineteenth Century," Frederick Harrison mainly engaged the duty of deliberately preparing a Pompeii for the students of the twenty-first century. It is a worthy and useful pursuit to look back, but "should we not provide something for posterity?" A small museum should be provided for storing away a careful selection of such products as would be of interest to our distant descendants. Some things are disappearing altogether; others are undergoing continual change. Whatever may be thought or done in connection with the novel problem, there is no difference of opinion as to the utility of recording and preserving the perishable recollections of the past. What the French call "memoires pour servir" are invaluable to the historian. Such writers as Macaulay, Green and McCarthy, in giving a portrait of the times, do not deny themselves the use of almanacs, play-bills and the most fugitive publications.

My father, having removed to Alabama in 1838, retained his loyalty to the old state and determined to have his sons educated at Franklin college, now called the university. In August, 1839, he accompanied three of us to Athens. As there was no public conveyance, we traveled in his private carriage through the country, making the journey in five days. Subsequently, he returned to Georgia, and we traveled on horseback. Villa Rica, Decatur and Monroe were in our route. Crossing the Chattahoochee at Nelson's ferry, Whitehall was in our route. This led over the site of the present Capital City, which began to be built, I think, in 1822. At first, the infant village was named Marshallville, in honor of a daughter of Governor Lumpkin. It was later changed to Whitehall, in honor of a son of the same name. As I heard at the time, suggested by John C. Calhoun, who predicted the future greatness of the place. Knowing Atlanta as it is, I can well imagine it during the war between the states, very naturally, I rejoice in its growing power and prosperity.

As a boy, just fourteen, I experienced unusual trepidation when ushered into the presence of the faculty to be examined for admission and classification, but recovered a little my confidence when informed that I had entered the sophomore class if not barred by my being below the required age. After admission, and securing a room in "old college," "pepper college" (for three years I occupied room 18 in "new college") and finding a boarding house (for all the students got their meals with private families), the next step was to have an interview with the treasurer and pay the collegiate fees. Asbury Hull was secretary and treasurer, and the third faculty member came away from his genial presence emboldened and stimulated. When I have encountered public functionaries, stiff, stilted, repulsive, and unimpressive, I have never felt so at ease as I did with Asbury Hull, who, I recall with pleasure his gentleness, suavity and Christian politeness to a shrinking, sensitive youth.

During my college life of four years, I passed through the freshmen, sophomore, junior and senior classes and went regularly through the prescribed curriculum. Dr. John C. Calhoun, who for forty years was connected with the institution, was the president, and also professor of mental and moral science. He was of the oldest time of the textbook method, and not very stimulating. He was a good disciplinarian, very kindly and gentlemanly, but in no sense a Wayland or Marshall. Hopkins for stirring up and educating latent powers. Certain pages were assigned in Paley's Moral Philosophy, Upham's Mental Science and Say's Political Economy, and these were generally committed to memory and recited by James Jackson, son of Governor Jackson, who pursued the "Yazoo frauds" with such courage and integrity, taught chemistry and French, and was much beloved by the students. Dr. Henry Hull, dignified, erect and cordial, who wrote so sparingly a charming account of the early days of Athens, was professor of mathematics. James P. Waddell, son of Dr. Moses Waddell, a former president, had charge of the Latin and Greek, especially of the latter, and to me, as I had been his pupil in Willington. William Lehman, a thorough Greek scholar, taught Greek, but being a German and exceedingly lacking in enthusiasm, would not be counted a success. Dr. Mathias A. Ward had classes in botany, geology and mineralogy, but with all his goodness was no teacher. His subject was "Dr. Fegs," given him because of his definition of "words as pegs to hang ideas on." Charles F. McCoy taught mechanical philosophy and calculus. He was a great teacher, inspired enthusiasm, was unobtrusive and full, and filled Dr. Wayland's requirement when he said that no one was fit to have a pupil unless he could make his mark upon him. It was for this reason that "Matter" to the senior class in 1842 was published in pamphlet, and because of an alleged, but not real, tendency to materialism, excited much adverse criticism and provoked a little alienation between him and the very orthodox and conservative president, Nahum Wood, a native of Maine, the tutor in mathematics. He had a room in the new college, and, of course, was subject to a thousand annoyances. The foolish custom was observed in the college of making a student visit three times in twenty-four hours to ascertain if the students were in their rooms. On Mr. Wood devolved the duty of the surveillance at night, and the ingenuity of the students was not lacking in "playing pranks" innumerable as punishment for the odious overseeing. A thoughtless and rather wicked obnoxious notice of the tutor required one morning in the Augusta Chronicle, reciting with minutest details, describing truly many estimable qualities and the pious manner in which he had acted to the trials and sorrows of his life. Its appearance created not a little excitement and inquiry, but all efforts to ascertain the clever author were fruitless. The faculty of instruction was a body of men of high intelligence, gentlemen, but teachings an art and a science, based on psychology, was unheeded or unknown.

The two literary societies, the Demosthenian and the Phi Kappa, supplemented well the regular teaching of the college. Between them was a generous rivalry for numbers and excellence, and great activity was used to secure the new students as soon as they arrived. The Saturdays were given up to the societies. The proceedings were scored in a mode of initiation, the officers, the questions for debate. Sometimes the discussion would extend through the whole day and into the night. The sharp collision mind with mind generated fluency of speech, self-possession, readiness of reply and the power to think on one's legs. It is to be feared that the Greek letter associations have had a deleterious effect on debating societies, in which young men sometimes learned more than in the classrooms, and equipped themselves better for civil discourse. Mr. Gladstone, at Oxford, derived advantages from the Union Debating club that he could have got nowhere else and gained more early instruction for argument, French, and oratorical powers. Lord Brougham and many less distinguished men have been frank in acknowledging their indebtedness to these early contests. The societies also chose the annual orators, and commencement drew a large and brilliant assemblage of beauty and accomplishments from different portions of the state. The orator of 1849 was delivered by Bishop England, the learned Catholic prelate of Charleston. His subject was "Mental Recreation," which he treated with good sense and with an abundance of classical illustration. On Sunday he preached in the chapel, and a sermon by a Roman Catholic was, at that time, something very unusual in the interior of the state. The orator for 1841, '42 and '43 were F. C. Barlow, William Law and Henry R. Jackson. (I am in some doubt as to the last.) The eloquent senator from South Carolina, George Melvin, a native Georgian, attended the commencement of 1843 and his name is signed to my society diploma. The trustees conferred, upon the degree of LL.D., an honor which had not been given for twenty years. I have in my collection of pamphlets the orations of Judge Berrien in 1828, Daniel Chester in 1833, Charles J. Jenkins in 1838, Henry L. Pickens in 1837, Abraham H. Chappell in 1838, A. B. Meek in 1840, M. Palmer in 1845, J. L. Polignac in 1846, as well as those of Ingels, Jones,

Brantley, Stiles and others. Perhaps no commencement address in Athens ever attracted so much attention, or so affected public opinion, as that of Mr. Chandler on "Female Education." It was a fervid and eloquent plea and doubtless contributed to the chartering of the "Georgia Female College" by the legislature in 1836 with power to confer baccalaureate degrees. It claimed that this college, now the Western Female Institute, at Macon, is "the oldest institution in the United States, perhaps in the world, established upon the basis of a regular female college." Has the state of Georgia, in her history of over 100 years, ever given, outside of public schools, once cent for the education of girls?

During the years of my collegiate life there were graduated such men as Echols, Greene, Vernon, Pope, Williams, Cobb, Glenn, Hall, LeConte, Felton, Garlington, Hull, Lamson, Pettit, Stephens, etc. Dr. William Williams graduated in law at Harvard, but became a preacher, and died as a professor in the Southern Baptist Theological seminary. For preaching of language, compactness of statement, clearness of view, force of logic and impetuosity of character, he was extraordinary. As LeConte, as we called him, was from Liberty county, which furnished so many students to the university. He played sweetly on the flute, was as pure and gentle as a woman, but did not give up his prophetic of a remarkable success as a writer on natural science and as a teacher of chemistry and geology in the University of California. He has attained to more than a national reputation, and is a recognized authority in the world of science in matters pertaining to his special studies. Samuel Hall, of the class of 1841, was an omnivorous reader, of tenacious memory, full of information, and cultivated the Muses. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Society, and of that period as an old negro man, who was the man of all work for poor college. Hall satyred the negroes by a parody, a few verses of which linger in my memory.

In Blenheim's hall when the sun was low, And gaudy bottles glowed around the board, And fondly every freshman brayed, Give us meat and honey.

Thomas R. Cobb, of the same class, was "facile princeps." As student and professor, I have known intimately many hundreds of college boys and young men and have no hesitation in stating strongly that Tom Cobb was, in speaking ability and in the genius of assimilative acquisition far ahead of them all. In the Phi Kappa Society and in the Phi Kappa, his future brother-in-law, Luther J. Glenn, and himself were friendly contestants, and in their graduation they were awarded the first and second honors. Ben Hill was a brilliant student of the class of 1844, and he was brilliant and popular and gave promise of that remarkable ability which made him conspicuous as a debater in the council halls of the country and his early death an irreparable calamity to his beloved South. Linton Stephens, Episcopalian, writer, editor and a college on the same days, were classmates and members of the same society and bosom friends. His remarkable gifts as a lawyer and statesman were not surpassed by those of his famous brother, whom I first met in 1840, when he made a visit to Linton. From that time to the day of his death I saw him often, and in the federal and congressional congresses, and while he was vice president of the confederacy and governor of Georgia, he honored me with his confidence and friendship. His intimacy with Linton, to whom he was deeply attached, caused him to show me unusual kindness. Of all men whom I have ever known I think he was the most loyal to his state. An English queen said that Calais would be found engraved on her heart when she was dead. "Georgia," much more likely, would have been found engraved on the heart of the devoted Georgian. Georgia, more than any other state in the union, perpetuates the memory of her sons by giving names to counties. No country has called Stephens, and no marble or bronze image preserves his features and stimulates youth to noble emulation. Of others, however, would appropriately be made, but the catalogue of the students of the university would comprise nearly half the members who have identified themselves with politics and the cause of the state. Of others, however, would appropriately be made, but the catalogue of the students of the university would comprise nearly half the members who have identified themselves with politics and the cause of the state.

Students were required to attend prayers in the chapel every morning before breakfast, and some public worship twice on Sunday. Dr. Nathan Hoyt, father of Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, of the class of 1848, was the continuing pastor of the Presbyterian church. The Baptist church was feeble and disorganized, without a regular pastor, but had among its members Governor Lumpkin and Hon. Julius Gilliam. Dr. Chambliss was pastor of the Methodist church, and he was a man of great power, of more, and Dr. Albert Williams occasionally preached when he came up from Savannah to visit his parents. With the exception of the preaching required by their tradition, the Methodists kept their pulpit supplied by able men. Whiteford Smith, Daniel Curry, James Evans, Alfred Mann and John H. Curran were preachers. Curry was a northern man, tall, awkward, of unimpressive exterior, but of much intellectual power. 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COTTON SAMPLING AND COTTON SAMPLERS

FROM THE FIELD TO THE FACTORY.

The Vicissitudes of a Cotton Bale
from Atlanta to Liverpool.

SOME TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Ingenious Schemes for Increasing
Quantity and Quality.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE BUSINESS.

A bale of cotton!
From field to factory!

How few ever dream of the vicissitudes—the strange and extraordinary experiences—by which the momentous journey is made.

The weavers of immaculate shirt fronts, cuffs and collars of ivory-like polish, all made of "fair" cotton, never stop to think of the many manipulations through which the virgin product reaches that state of beauty and utility.

It would take many columns—even pages—to even briefly describe the growth of the cotton locks from the time the seeds are cast in the furrow until the matured locks are plucked from the ragged bolls and borne from the field in enormous white-oak baskets on the heads of plantation dories to the plantation ginhouse, to the tune of "Cotton-Eye Joe," or some other detectable plantation ditty.

Then there is somewhat of a skip to the point where the cotton is swathed in robes of jute or cotton, as the case may be, bound with bands of iron, and loaded on the wagon ready to be marketed.

Right along in there a poet might weave in a lot of sentiment about the bays and bays, the calculations and misgivings of those to whom the few bales of cotton mean a long, hard, twelve months of unremitting toil.

How often is the cotton required, and disappointed, most grievously!

But this brings the story down to the real beginning.

THE COTTON SAMPLER.

There are three cotton firms in Atlanta, only three now that own warehouses and purchase cotton on the street, though agents, as in the old days.

These are Freedwell, Abbott & Co., Maddox & Rucker and S. M. Inman & Co.

Each of these firms has its own cotton buyers, men skilled in the work, and by long experience experts in their line.

There has been a radical change in the methods of buying cotton on the streets within the last few years.

Time was, and the same condition of things still exists in most of the interior towns, that a horse and buggy and a pedagogue would peddle upon the farmer so soon as he entered the outskirts of the town and begin to haggle and dicker for his cotton.

It was a regular scheme of "backsheesh"—and still is where such a state of affairs exists—in many instances.

Men who scarcely ever purchased a bale of cotton would crowd around the wagon, sit a hole in the cotton bale, pull out a sample, eye it in a very wise and knowing manner, and then step aside and make a note of the bale.

These samples, frequently a pound or a pound and a half, were taken to the rooms of the pirates and stored. So soon as a sufficient quantity accumulated, the fortunate shark would send it to the press and have the cotton packed in a bale and marketed.

Downright robbery?

Of course, and a shrewd fellow kept his nose above water in this wise.

THE NEW REGIME.

But this will change now.

The men who sample cotton on the streets are regularly employed, and they purchase the cotton on the spot.

These are men who have grown gray in the business—men who are honest, competent and trustworthy.

The veteran sampler is Mr. T. J. Word, who has been engaged in the business for twenty-two years, right here in Atlanta.

Mr. Word was born in Franklin county, but came here long years ago, and went into the cotton business, buying from the wagons and turning over his purchases to the warehousemen. He is at present with Treadwell, Abbott & Co., and during his long career in this unique business has never had any trouble over a cotton purchase.

Probably the next oldest is Mr. Treadwell, of the same firm, who has been in the business, and knows how a cotton sampler will class almost by sight.

Mr. James Murdock is another one of the old regulars, who came here from Cobb county long ago, and has been for fifteen or sixteen years pulling samples from country wagons. He is an expert.

Among the others are Mr. Zed Bailey, Mr. William Hardeman and Mr. H. V. Baine, all of them old hands at the business.

Because of this change, the cotton comes in principally on Forsyth street, on the south side, and Marietta and Decatur, on the north side, the buyers are divided and representatives of either firm watch on both sides for the country wagons.

There are others, besides these, who are occasionally on the streets, but these make a regular business of buying from the wagons.

CLASSIFYING COTTON.

Cotton is classed in many different grades, and between the highest and the lowest there is a difference of 2 or 3 cents in the pound.

The basis is "middling," which is near the average in color, length or staple, freedom from trash and well-handling, of the cotton crop marked in this section.

Taking this basis, the grades range up "good middling," "strict good middling," and "fair."

Downward it ranges "strict low middling," "low middling," "strict good ordinary," "good ordinary" and "ordinary," which is near the average in color, length or staple, freedom from trash and well-handling, of the cotton crop marked in this section.

"Stains No. 1," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 2," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 3," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 4," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 5," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 6," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 7," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 8," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 9," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 10," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 11," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 12," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 13," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 14," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 15," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 16," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 17," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 18," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 19," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 20," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 21," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 22," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 23," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 24," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 25," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 26," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 27," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 28," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 29," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 30," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 31," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 32," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 33," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 34," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 35," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 36," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 37," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 38," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 39," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 40," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 41," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 42," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 43," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 44," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 45," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 46," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 47," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 48," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 49," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 50," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 51," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 52," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 53," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 54," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 55," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 56," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 57," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 58," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 59," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 60," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 61," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 62," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 63," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 64," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 65," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 66," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 67," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 68," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 69," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 70," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 71," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 72," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 73," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 74," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 75," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 76," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 77," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 78," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 79," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 80," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 81," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 82," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 83," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 84," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 85," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 86," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 87," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 88," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 89," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 90," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 91," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 92," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 93," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 94," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 95," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 96," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 97," equals "good ordinary," "Stains No. 98," equals "low middling," "Stains No. 99," equals "strict good ordinary," "Stains No. 100," equals "good ordinary."

Taking the basis of 50 cents a pound for middling cotton, to illustrate, the other grades fall thus:

Strict good middling	10-1-8
Good middling	9-5-8
Middling	9-1-8
Strict good ordinary	9-1-6
Good ordinary	8-7-8
Ordinary	8-5-8

DETAILS AND SCALES, OF COURSE, NOMINAL.

While middling is the standard, the cotton crop does not always come up to that, one year with another.

This year the bulk of the crop will class a grade lower at least, than last, and possibly more than that.

After the street sampler and the producer have agreed upon a sale the cotton must go through an estimation, still, before the bargain is settled.

Each warehouse has its warehouse samplers, and each classifier. This classifying at the warehouse is uniform with that on the street, except in certain cases.

For instance, the honest farmer may attempt to put in a lot of inferior cotton inside the bale and cover it up with a lot of high grade cotton.

Or, as has been illustrated in rare instances, he will pack some foreign substance in the middle of the bale, like a block of wood, to increase the weight.

Last of all there is a very ingenious little scheme occasionally resorted to to increase the weight.

Take a trough or large tub, fill it full of water, lay a bale of cotton on it, excluding the air as much as possible, and then pour the water into the tub, so that the cotton will absorb it in a few days.

It is a simple matter to detect this fraud, as the moisture is so evenly absorbed that forty or fifty pounds of water in a 500-pound bale is not easily detected.

But the mixed or false packing is different. The warehouse sampler is armed with a long steel instrument, flattened and pointed, with a handle like an auger.

He borrows the handle from the middle of the bale and draws out a big sample from the middle as well as the outside.

If there is any mixed packing it is easily detected, and if there are any rocks or blocks of wood they are generally discovered.

ADJUSTING THE GRADE.

In cases where the cotton has been packed inside the bale the street buyer is sent for, as a rule, and determines the grade of the inferior cotton, and even if it is ordinary, and the finer grade of middling, it is all brought down to the grade of ordinary; the buyer collects a rebate on every pound of the bale.

In adjusting the classification of a mixed lot of cotton, say 100 bales of several grades ranging from good ordinary to good-middling, when the lot was sold and shipped as middling, a calculation is made as to the number of bales grading low middling and middling, and the number of bales grading below.

If there are not sufficient of the higher grades to bring the average up to middling, the lot is classed according to where the average falls.

As a safeguard against fraudulent packing, each warehouse has a large cotton book, on which the sale of each and every bale is recorded. The farmer receives a receipt, which is torn from a duplicate stub, and the bale is numbered to correspond with the receipt.

One did all his writing late at night; another early in the morning.

I tried each one's method in succession. I wrote staidly and sitting in bed and out of bed. One week I wasted the proverbial midnight oil; the next I rose with the lark.

Whether poetry or prose, fact or fiction, invariably returned like Noah's raven, having found no abiding place.

Most persons would have given up, after so many unsuccessful efforts, but there is a sort of dogged persistency in my nature which compels me to stick to a thing I have once begun.

And when the lies are out and the truth is in, as long as there is hope, and as long as editors and periodicals existed there was hope.

I look back now from that serene and peaceful height which lies beyond emotion, and wonder how I ever persevered under the repeated rebuffs which I received.

Sometimes my MSS. would be returned with nothing about them to indicate that they had ever been looked at. Again, across the single page would be written—"Not available."

Often times they would be returned folded and crammed into envelopes too small for them, so that if I wished to send them to my editor, I was obliged to re-write them.

In rare instances they came back with a kindly note softening the refusal.

But the most unpleasant of all, were the printed forms with a blank space for the title of the MS. and return something like:

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I fancied I could see the editor with a pile of these forms at his elbow, opening MS. after MS., glancing at the name of the author, and failing to find it on the list of favored contributors, he would scribble a "no" on one of the forms, thrust it together with the rejected MS. into a fresh envelope, address it and start it on its return voyage.

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I felt like exclaiming with Lamb, "Hang posterity! I'll write for antiquity."

But at last I began to lose hope, and just ten days before the day mentioned at the beginning of this sketch, having gone home and found my MSS. returned, I wrote to my editor, asking him to return the MSS. to me.

I came to the conclusion that I might as well abandon the pursuit of literature, and with it all my hopes and expectations, and like William Collins, make a bonfire of my writings.

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It was just about to begin the painful task of consigning them to the flames, when my eye caught the title of a little piece which had not shared the fate of its unlucky companions, for the simple reason that no editor had ever seen it.

Hope, who is a temptress after all, whispered, "One more. Send this little poem on 'Purity.'"

I listened to the voice of the charmer, saying to myself, however, that it was for the last time. I carefully copied the poem, enclosed it with stamps for postage, and the long-suffering editor, who had steadily returned everything I had ever sent him.

And now after so long a digression I am back, again at my starting point, where, the office clock having announced the hour of five, I was once more about to turn my steps homeward.

It was nearly time for me to expect the return of my MS. and the thought occurred to me as I buttoned my coat more closely that a good fire would not come amiss this chilly evening, and perhaps the fires of genius might warm me after all, though in a different way from the one I had formerly anticipated.

They may be possible then, if you can, when on opening my door I lay my eye on the table, a letter, bearing the well-known stamp of the publication to which I had sent my poem, and which from its size I saw at once contained no "Rejected addresses."

With trembling fingers I broke the seal. Could it be possible that my long-looked-for hopes were at last to change to glad fruition? The words came before my eyes, but finally I mastered my emotions and read the following:

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Make it convenient to call! Indeed I would. I asked and obtained leave of absence from the office for two days, and the next morning but one, saw me enroute for the city.

With what castles in Spain I beguiled myself as the train bore me swiftly to my destination. Arriving in the city, I lost no time in making

ONE WRITER'S EXPERIENCE.

BY E. BETH DAW.

It was near the close of a rainy day in early April, one of those days especially designed by nature to bring on a fit of the blues.

The office clock had just struck five, and its hard, rasping voice, was to me a welcome reminder that I had not yet written a line.

My pen, which I had put on my coat and hat and gone home, if one can apply that name to a third floor back, in a fourth-rate boarding house.

For the last five years I had been employed in the law office of Clark & West, as copyist, amanuensis, it was before the days of stenographers and typewriters—and general clerk, at the munificent sum of \$50 per month.

Every day during this time, when the clock struck the hour which relieved me from my daily duties, I hoped it was also striking the hour which would release me forever from the law office, and the dreary drudgery of an office clerk, and leave me free to pursue the career which I had long ago marked out for myself.

From the time I was old enough to make plans for the future, goal of my ambition had been to become a noted author.

Not being blessed with enough of this world's goods, to enable me to live without writing, and at such times as my pen should bring me an income, I retained my position with Clark & West, and devoted my spare hours to literature.

As yet, my productions had been returned with or without thanks—usually without—but I never desisted, and at night without feeling that perhaps my venture had been successful, and I should find awaiting me, a princely check and a proposal from the publishers for the exclusive right to anything I might produce in the future.

I had had the pleasure of seeing now and then an article in the daily press. I found that one before sitting down to write dressed himself for an evening party. His motto was "The Style Is the Man!"

Another always stood at his desk while composing. One drank a cup of black coffee before beginning work, while another, equally successful, took nothing but water.

One did all his writing late at night; another early in the morning.

I tried each one's method in succession. I wrote staidly and sitting in bed and out of bed. One week I wasted the proverbial midnight oil; the next I rose with the lark.

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my way to the editor's sanctum which was at the top of a five-story building and no elevator. But what did it matter to me? I trod on air.

I was duly ushered into the editor's presence where, after some stammering and blundering, I managed to introduce myself and to state that I had come in compliance with his request to call in regard to my poem.

"O yes, yes—come; sit down, sit down. I—I—the matter I wished to speak about, is this. My cousin, Mr.——, mentioning a new soap manufacturer, knowing that judgment and attractive advertising is the road to success, came to me for advice in the matter, and wished me to suggest something unique in the way of an advertisement. I had just received your poem on 'Purity,' and the thought occurred to me that a poetical advertisement would be something new. I read him your poem, and suggested that the last stanza might be altered to bring in the name of the soap. He caught at the idea at once, and after a little further discussion, he commissioned me to make you an offer to furnish him with two poems each week, setting forth the merits of his soap. He would like to know your decision by Monday next."

Shades of Shakespeare and Patrick Henry! What a rapid descent from the heights of joyous anticipation to the valley of humiliation!

Well, I agreed to "think it over." I did long and carefully. Half a dozen times I was on the point of writing to Mr.——, that I must look up some less fastidious and less ambitious poet. But on the other hand there was the money consideration—a very generous one; by the way, I could not recall a name, and I was both, why refuse the money?

The result was that when Monday came round, I interviewed the worthy soap manufacturer, and arrived at, to me, a very satisfactory arrangement pecuniarily.

But, "how is my old father?" for I who thought "to live by the pen," was now writing poetical soap advertisements at \$25 each!

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INGALLS'S RECORD.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

A Resume of His Achievements for Eighteen Years—Statements of Facts Which Cannot be Disproved.

ATCHISON, Kan., October 26.—[Special.]—Tomorrow's Daily Champion will tell the full story of Senator Ingalls's political record. The Champion goes on to say that in the multiplicity of matters bearing on the senatorial issue in Kansas this year, there is danger of the people's overlooking or not carefully considering many of its more important features, such as, for example, the public career of Senator Ingalls, who is endeavoring to secure an election for a fourth term. It is fair to assume that a man occupying the responsible position held by Senator Ingalls during the past eighteen years should be able to furnish substantial reasons for a continuance in office. His record as a legislator should be satisfactory and his usefulness as a legislator unquestioned. If Senator Ingalls's record is clear and unobjectionable, and no valid reasons can be urged against him, he might, perhaps, with some degree of propriety, urge his claim to re-election; if, however, his record is darker than that of any other republican politician, with the possible exception of Senator Matt Quay, of Pennsylvania, then, manifestly, the people of Kansas, especially republicans, owe it to themselves as good citizens, to the great state whose interests are so seriously involved, and to the nation at large, whose very existence is imperiled by the keeping in power a man whose sentiments are so subversive of good government as are those held by Senator John J. Ingalls, to oppose his re-election.

For the purpose of presenting not only to Kansas but to the friends of good government in all states, a "bird's-eye view" of the career of John J. Ingalls, so that the single-sitting the man, as he really is, may be fully comprehended by the citizens of this state and nation, The Champion publishes the following resume, which, in condensed form, furnishes the salient features of the most unique career in the history of American politics, and at the same time affords a substantial basis for a true judgment of and a consistent action concerning Mr. Ingalls at the polls on the 4th day of November next.

To start with, Senator Ingalls, from the time of his advent in Kansas, has been an office seeker, at first successful, and again unsuccessful. He first came into prominence as one of the secretaries of the Wyandotte Territorial convention. Subsequently he figured more or less in local campaigns, the aspirant for any and every office obtainable.

His first appearance. In 1862 John J. Ingalls accepted the nomination of lieutenant governor on the anti-Lane ticket, a bolters' ticket, inspired, fostered and supported chiefly by disgruntled republicans, kickers and copperheads, the proportion, as the record shows, of copperheads to all others being in the ratio of three to one. It is unnecessary to add that he was overwhelmingly defeated. During this memorable campaign, Mr. Ingalls's advisers and companions were the leading copperheads of that period. Throughout this memorable canvass, in his speeches, Mr. Ingalls flattered and caajoed copperheads, criticised and censured the general government in unmeasured terms, caricatured the conduct of the war, and by slurs and innuendoes belittled Abraham Lincoln, Secretary of War Stanton, and the leading republican statesmen of that day.

While a large majority of his fellow-citizens and neighbors were at the front fighting for the maintenance of the union and the integrity of the government, John J. Ingalls remained at home, ran as a candidate for lieutenant governor on a combination—mugwump and copperhead—ticket, against the regular republican nominee, and by all the means at his command did what he could to hamper the government, and to that extent prolonged the war; the sublime achievements of which in these latter days this monumental demagogue so glibly prates about, and which he utilizes on every occasion to strengthen himself in the affections of the survivors of that historic epoch.

Never a soldier himself when he could and should have been; not even a moral supporter of the government in the crises of its history, nay, worse, openly antagonizing it by corrupt alliance with its cowardly enemies, John J. Ingalls thus presents to the world a spectacle of audacious inconsistency, which brands him as a demagogue too despicable to warrant extended characterization.

THE FALL OF POMEROY. The event which lifted John J. Ingalls into national inspection was his first election to the United States senate in 1873, as the successor of the unfortunate S. C. Pomeroy. The downfall of Pomeroy was accomplished by the foulest and most infamous conspiracy ever concocted against an individual in the history of the nation. Ingalls's chief henchmen, James S. Merritt, J. S. Danforth and others well known in Kansas, whether with Mr. Ingalls's personal knowledge and consent or not does not appear; the inference, however, is not a difficult one—succeeded in inducing Pomeroy to resign the legislature by the name of York to appeal to Congress for the loan of \$7,000 on the day before the vote for senator was cast, for the ostensible purpose of paying off a mortgage on York's farm, as a part consideration for which York pledged himself to vote for Pomeroy. The money was paid to York, and the next day, acting under the influence of the Ingalls henchmen, this miserable tool rose in his seat in the house and declared that Pomeroy had paid him \$7,000 in cash to vote for him. The result, as planned, was the resignation of Pomeroy and in the indescribable excitement and confusion of the hour, the election of John J. Ingalls.

INGALLS'S WHITEWASH. In 1879 Mr. Ingalls was elected for a second time as his own successor. Charges of corruption and bribery in connection with this memorable contest led to an investigation by a congressional committee of five. This investigation was begun at Topeka and concluded in Washington, and on February 17, 1880, the committee, after the most farcical investigation ever conducted, rendered a Scotch verdict, whitewashing Ingalls and exonerating him from any personal act of bribery. There were two reports on this case, a majority and a minority report; the majority report exonerating Ingalls, and the minority report, signed by Senators Hoar, Cameron and Logan, also exonerating him from personal bribery, but stating that "bribery and other corrupt means were employed by persons favoring the election of Hon. J. J. Ingalls to the senate."

Thus exonerated, Senator Ingalls escaped, and entered upon his second term as senator, under a very dark cloud, and he has nobody to thank for this fall but himself. He will take his place in the political platform, and he has nobody among those who failed to remember the simple lesson that honesty is the best policy.

Shortly after this remarkable "exoneration" Senator Ingalls, in a speech delivered in Atchison, proceeded, in his infamously style, to "roast" several Kansas who had interested themselves in securing the Ingalls named in investigation. Alluding to this speech, Hon.

D. W. Wilder, at present state commissioner of insurance, then the publisher of an influential Kansas newspaper, said:

Ingalls says he has been five times vindicated; first, when he bought his seat; second, when he was investigated at Topeka; third, when he was investigated at Washington; fourth, when it was declared that his seat was obtained by bribery and corruption; and fifth, when the railroad gave him free passes to bring a throng of lookers-on to Atchison to hear his last dying words and confession. That is the Atchison definition of "vindicated," and five of them piled on each other would kill the meanest wretch who ever picked a pocket or robbed a grave.

These bitter personalities in which the briber has indulged will bring fruit after their kind. The war upon Ingalls is an open invitation to talk about private character—he, the most rotten of men in his relations with men and with women; his relations as a lawyer and as a politician; the lawyer who sought to bribe judges, and who made clients pay three times for a farm, the unwashed citizen of Sumner who stole an estate from a widow, the senator who appointed convicts to office, and who stole and buried the telegraphic proofs of his guilt. This is the creature who has so far forgotten his cunning as to challenge the publication of his private life, and who has so far forgotten his cunning as to challenge the publication of his private life, and who has so far forgotten his cunning as to challenge the publication of his private life.

During his three terms Senator Ingalls has been a member of several important committees, the most important in many respects being the committee on the District of Columbia, of which, for about twelve years, he has been chairman. This committee constitutes practically the government of the district and almost unaltered political and financial power is vested in it. The scope of this committee, whose head is Senator Ingalls, may be more fully realized when it is remembered that the control of a funded debt aggregating about \$40,000,000 imposed upon the district by the Shepard regime, the right to refund and reissue bonds of various kinds, for the purpose of meeting these enormous liabilities rests practically with this committee. In the negotiation and disposition of these securities Senator Ingalls, of necessity, by virtue of his position as chairman, is frequently consulted, and his advice doubtless carries with it great weight. In addition to the management of these millions Senator Ingalls's committee has had almost exclusive, and certainly legal control of various schemes connected with the history of the district within the past few years, which the sum of about \$6,716,000 has, in various ways, been involved. Of these Senator Ingalls introduced a bill to appropriate \$2,500,000 for the purpose of building a park at a cost of \$1,200,000; another bill to tunnel Rock creek at a cost of \$2,000,000, and still another bill to improve the district water-works at a cost of \$345,000.

The above bills have been introduced and favored by Senator Ingalls, and each and all of these schemes have been, not in the interest of the people of the district, but in the sole and direct interest of a gang of land speculators, who have made and are making the District of Columbia a common prey.

The possibilities of corruption involved in these schemes are almost limitless, and were it not for Senator Ingalls's thoroughly established reputation for probity grave suspicions would arise, and, too, were it not for the senator's alleged poverty, an allegation which he and his friends have neglected no opportunity to parade, many people would be able to explain certain things which, however, in the face of his poverty are decidedly mysterious. If Senator Ingalls was not personally impetuous, and if the title to no less than a half million dollars' worth of property were not in the name of Mrs. Ingalls and other trusted friends, it might be comparatively easy to be suspicious, but the disreputable speculations and leave no room for entertaining natural queries concerning the senator's exact financial status, and his methods of managing to make both ends meet on a salary of \$5,000 per annum.

The truth is, that as chairman of so important a committee, whose jurisdiction covers financial possibilities simply fabulous, the only thing that saves Senator Ingalls from any suspicion of questionable transactions is his well-known integrity and his pronounced aversion to money. Senator Ingalls, it is reported, cherishes a lofty and Puritanic disdain for wealth, and this is shown in his studied neglect of magnificent opportunities for improving his financial condition.

Additional light is thrown upon Mr. Ingalls's senatorial career, and its possibilities in a financial way, by the fact that for eighteen years he has been the constant and ardent friend of corporations, combines, monopolies and trusts of almost every name and description, from the Standard Oil Company to various land and cattle syndicates, including several of the leading railway companies of this country.

His speeches voted a matter of record, on all questions relating to corporations, monopolies, trusts and grabs of all kinds, have raised queries among the people of a most significant character.

Bringing the microscope to bear upon Senator Ingalls's public career along other lines, the closest scrutiny fails to detect any legislative measure affecting either the people of Kansas or the nation at large, ever drafted by him, or through his personal efforts transformed into a law. For eighteen years in the senate he has been the constant and ardent friend of corporations, combines, monopolies and trusts of almost every name and description, from the Standard Oil Company to various land and cattle syndicates, including several of the leading railway companies of this country.

Here, then, is the man and his record. An accident at the start, an insincere, cold-blooded, useless, mercenary, ungrateful and despicable creature, a high office, false to faithful devotees, recreant to every human being but himself and those bound to him by the ties of blood, hostile to everything that opposes his ambition, friendly only to those and to that which will enable him to accomplish his inordinately selfish purposes; a bogus aristocrat in social intercourse; a marauder in politics, a partisan who uses the opportunities

it affords him, not to permanently benefit his party, but merely as a means to one and his own aggrandizement; an office-holder whose incumbency degrades what it should exalt; in brief, is John J. Ingalls, the senior United States senator from Kansas.

Measured by any true measure of values, by any correct standard of public worth, he is a conspicuous failure, a reflection upon the great state which has so long contained him in power, and a dishonor to the nation, the president of whose senate he is.

Having thus looked again upon this man, his record, and the sum total of his personality, The Champion trusts that there is enough latent good sense and patriotism among the people of Kansas not to re-elect him to a fourth term.

HEPAINED HIS WHISKERS.

Tragedy of a Small Boy and an Absent-Minded Mother.

From The New York Tribune.

"Mamma," said the six-year-old youngster in a loud whisper, "so that every one in the car could hear him, 'look at the man.'"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother, who was reading.

The train dashed around a curve and sent the boy's feet into one corner and his head against his mother.

"Yes, dear," she answered gently, still reading.

The train shot into a tunnel, plunged through the darkness, and drove out into the sunlight.

"Yes, dear," she said, turning a page.

"He's got red whiskers," said the loud whisper.

"Yes, dear."

"They're awful red."

"Yes, dear," and people began to realize that the mother was not listening to what her darling said. Those who were fathers and mothers smiled in anticipation. The red-whiskered man studied his paper carefully.

"They're fiery red."

"Yes, dear," sweetly.

"They're redder'n my father's."

"Yes, dear. Another page was turned.

"Is he any relation to my father?"

"Yes, dear."

"They're awful red."

"Yes, dear," quietly.

"Will I have red whiskers like that when I'm a man?"

"Yes, dear."

"But I don't want 'em," whimpering.

There, dear, don't talk so much. Mamma is reading."

"Do you like 'em so red?"

"Yes, dear," soothingly.

"I don't. Maybe he paints 'em. Does he paint 'em?"

"I won't have to paint mine, will I?"

"Yes, dear," fondly.

"But I don't want to. Does papa paint his?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, I won't paint mine."

Mamma began to turn a page.

"When will I have to paint 'em?"

Mamma does not hear him.

"Will I have to paint 'em as red as his?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, look at him. He's mad."

"Yes, dear."

"His face is redder'n his whiskers."

"Yes, dear."

"He's going out of the car."

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how often does he have to paint 'em?"

Judgement

should be displayed in buying medicine above all things. In selecting a remedy for any disease, you should be positive that it contains nothing injurious to the health. Many remedies on the market leave the patient in a much worse condition, than before taking them.

S. S. S.

is purely vegetable, and perfectly harmless; the most delicate child can take it with absolute safety. It contains no mercury or minerals of any kind, and yet it never fails to cure the diseases it is recommended for.

Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Advertising

It is said will sell anything, this is true in a measure; but for staying qualities, merit is the test. Extensive advertising may sell anything where it is new or unknown, but after it comes into general use, it is judged according to its worth. The continued and steady growth of Swift's Specific

S. S. S.

is the best evidence of its excellence. It is most popular where it is best known. Every bottle sold, sells ten others. Every one that takes it becomes its friend, and recommends it to their acquaintances.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

THE SKIN.

Is an important factor in keeping good health; if it does not act in the way intended by nature, its functions are performed by other organs—the kidneys and the lungs; and the result is a breakdown of general health.

Swift's Specific

Is the remedy of nature to stimulate the skin to proper action. It never fails in this, and always accomplishes the purpose.

Send for our treatise on the Blood and Skin Diseases. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

THE SINGER MFG. COMPANY

THE SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS OF THE WORLD.

A Record of 9,000,000 Machines.

MADE AND SOLD.

NOW OFFER THREE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT

New Family Sewing Machines.

OSCILLATOR, VIBRATOR,

AUTOMATIC DOUBLE THREAD.

Machines will be delivered at any point free of expense.

We have recently opened Handsomely Appointed Show Rooms at

385 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

where can be seen a large and varied line of our Sewing Machines, in practical operation.

On the 5th of July, we will also open at

929 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,

an Art Display Room where will be exhibited beautiful and artistic samples of Home and Art Decoration.

All are cordially invited to give us a call.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

General Offices for the South 205 E. BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

185 CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Directly represented in every principal City, where reliable men can always find employment.

July 13—31m sun wed wk 40 w r m

THE TOURIST AND THE LORD.

The Remarkable Experience of Herr Geehl on His First Visit to England.

From The London Saturday Review.

"I saw him first," says Herr Geehl, "in a little town famous for its cathedral. As he came out of the cathedral and walked along the steep High Street, with his horrible coppernerving pavement," says he, "I saw a negligently, elegantly dressed gentleman coming toward me. He kept in the middle of the road; a huge dog followed him. All the people stood stock still; the men lifted their hats and bowed reverently; the women curtsied. They seemed as if they could not make sufficient signs of their respect. When the lord had passed by the people through, behind him, and some of them humbly lifted the tails of his coat and pressed them with their lips. I could scarcely trust my own eyes. Was I really in England? Or had I wandered again into Poland, where I had too often seen similar manifestations of bound-like subservience?"

The lord took all this servility as a matter of course, merely acknowledging it at intervals by a curt, patronizing nod of the head. "When he came up to me and saw that I did not lift my hat to him, he fixed on me a stare of wonder. He was plainly astounded that anybody in that district could dare to let him pass by without a reverent greeting."

As he stood in the street and watched the figure of the retreating aristocrat, he suddenly felt a touch upon his shoulder.

"Do you not know Mylord?" said the policeman. "What Mylord?" asked Herr Geehl.

"That gentleman," answered the policeman, "who has just passed by. You have not acquainted him. The free spirit of the expatriated German was aroused. 'Are you a police officer?' I sharply demanded of him, 'and is it your business to see that everybody salutes Mylord? Go to Mylord and ask him why he did not salute me; then go and mind your own business.' The victim of the German press laws imagines that if he had possessed less presence of mind and power of stage oratory he would have been lodged in a Welsh jail."

"A short walk," he writes, "brought me to the gate of the park. There he learned that nobody was allowed to enter the park unless he had provided himself with a ticket of admission. He began to 'parliamentize' with the keeper of the gate. But all his opposition vanished when I showed him my card, and pressed half a crown in his hand."

"I hope," he said, "that the servant, Mylord, had not already arrived at the park, not on foot, but driving a four-horse carriage. As soon as he spied the free German intruder he stopped his 'parliamentizing' and demanded in a loud voice, 'Have you procured a ticket of admission?'"

"No," "How did you manage to get in without a ticket?" "The gatekeeper admitted me upon showing my visiting card and declaring to him that I was a foreigner, was not acquainted with the regulations."

The fierce English Mylord became in a moment as gentle as a lamb. "May I beg the favor of your card?" said he to the daring Geehl. "I gave Mylord my visiting card. He bowed humbly, politely, and asked me if I would make the circuit of the park in his company." The bold Geehl accepted the personal conduct of Mylord. "And thus I saw," he says, "not only the park, but also the mansion and the small but valuable picture gallery of old and new masters. So extremely friendly was Mylord that he accompanied me as far as his park gates."

As Mylord and Herr Geehl were walking toward the gates they were met by a park keeper who held by the collar a poor wretch in ragged clothes and worn-out boots. "Whom have we here?" asked Mylord. "I found this man," replied the servant, "sleeping under the tree near the little gate." "In the park?" "Yes, Mylord." "Put him in three days in the hole" (as Loch, said Mylord in a nonchalant tone; then, turning to me, he took leave of me in the most courteous manner.

Oscar, Grown Unpleasant.

Oscar Wilder, in his last novel, gives utterance to the following heresies: "No woman is a genius; women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say to the world. They are charming. They represent the triumph of mind over matter, as men represent the triumph of mind over morals."

There are only two kinds of women, the plain and the tinted. The plain ones are useful, the tinted ones are charming. They make a mistake, however, the tinted, when they paint to look like you. Rouge and esprit used to go together. That has gone out now. As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter she is satisfied.

As for conversation, there are only five women in London worth talking to, and two of these are not admitted into good society."

Those who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial are soon convinced that it is a peculiar and an honest medicine. Its positive merit is manifested by the many remarkable cures accomplished.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and Stomach Disorders, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

All dealers keep it, \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.



Elegant, Convenient and Artistic

CABINET WORK.

WITH NEW PATENTED STAND.

And all the Latest Attachments

AND MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

State that you saw our advertisement in the Atlanta Constitution when you write us.

On the 5th of July, we will also open at

929 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,

an Art Display Room where will be exhibited beautiful and artistic samples of Home and Art Decoration.

All are cordially invited to give us a call.

Good morning Have you used PEARS' SOAP?



THERE WERE THREE LITTLE HOUSEWIVES OF DEB

WHO ALL MADE UP THEIR MINDS RIGID-LEE

THAT THEY'D NEVER COOK MORE

IF A WIRE GAUZE DOOR

WAS NOT PUT ON THEIR OVENS QUICK-LEE!

—And their cookings was perfect afterward—

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Buy the CHARTER OAK,

With Wire Gauze Oven Doors

Made only by Excelsior Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by

HUNNICUTT & BELLINGRATH, Agents, Atlanta, Ga.

IS A

DR. G. JACOBS' NERVE & BRAIN TREATMENT

GUARANTEED SPECIFIC FOR

Hysteria, Dizziness, Depression, Fits, Nervous Prostration, caused by Excess, Indigestion, Loss of Power in either Nervous System, caused by overexertion of the brain, self-abuse or overindulgence. Each bottle contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

Tocure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure.

GUARANTEES ISSUED ONLY BY

JACOBS' PHARMACY, Sole Agents,

Marietta and Peachtree Streets, Atlanta, Ga. P. O. Box 307.

Refers to Capital City Bank, Atlanta Constitution, Commercial Agents.

Full descriptive circulars mailed free.

—Spend— a new view

REFORMED BY A BOO.

Impression Made Upon a Dissipated

Tramp by a Saloonkeeper.

From Texas Sifting.

At a temporary meeting one of the workers

was a story entitled, "The Little Shoes Did It."

It was about a man who had been reclaimed from

the vice of temperance by seeing the saloon-

keeper's little child come into the saloon holding

out her feet for the drunkard to look at her new

barefooted children at home, impoverished in

order that the saloonkeeper's child might be well

shod, and he quit drink from that moment.

At the conclusion of the recital a shabby, dis-

tressed-looking man in the back of the hall began

to sob.

"Ah," said the reader from the platform, to the sobbing man, "you have been there yourself."

Another vigorous nod.

"Then it was the little shoes of the saloon-keeper's little girl that did it?"

"No," he replied sadly, "it was the saloon-keeper's little boy. He kicked me out."

SKIN.

factor in keeping does not act in the nature, its functions other organs, the Lungs; and the of general health.

Specific

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Co., Atlanta, Ga.

ANY

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TENTED STAND.

est Attachments IMPROVEMENTS.

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we also open at

NEW YORK CITY,

where will be exhibited

samples of Home and

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NY. MOND, VA. LEANS, LA.

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Doors, sold by Atlanta, Ga.

IS A

ARANTEED

SPECIFIC

FOR

terial, Dizziness, Con-

tion, Fits, Nervousness,

Headache, Nervous

stration, caused by the

softening of the Brain,

Premature Old Age,

and Spermatization.

Each box con-

tain by mail prepaid

BOXES

are accompanied with

and the money if the

Other Fellow.

As a war should break

at tables of the rich

more war, but so long

among people and de-

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Dizziness, Nervous-

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free at all drug stores.

Habits.

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THIS PAPER CONTAINS
32 Pages.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

THIRD PART.
Pages 21 to 32.

VOL. XXII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The heart of the local retail trade is here; the activity surrounds us, that indescribable something recognized as the vital element of success, is here. The principles which it constantly applies to business progress, find expression in the prices. They inspire confidence.

KEELY COMPANY, LEADER OF LOW PRICES

The popular liking and the great bulk of the masses' trade flow toward this store just as a river flows down hill. It's a natural thing. Mutual interests strengthens and aids every new departure. The contract of friendship between you and us is sealed by faith.



Dress Goods! What is proper? Who dictates the Fashions? Not Keely Company nor any other merchants. The fickle Dame is far too subtle for man. We find the universal, common law of Fashion and, obeying the mandate, bring out all sorts. And this accounts for our great sales. Our stock is gigantic and diversified, equal to all demands and every taste.

Regarding Black Dress Goods and their peculiar relation to prevailing ideas in Women's Dress much might be written, but the assumption that we can instruct our lady readers on that point would indicate scant courtesy to their intelligence. However, while on the topic it would be of interest to enumerate the varieties which count by the scores and the prices which have a decided bargain flavor.

Here are a few simple quotations that ought to touch the Winter Dress thoughts of many minds:

Silk-and-Wool Henrietta, 40 and 42 inches wide, 90c to \$1.75. All-Wool Henrietta, 44 and 46 inches wide, 75c to \$1.25. All-Wool Cashmere, 38 to 46 inches wide, 50c to \$1.50. All-Wool Camel Hair, 40 to 44 inches, in various weights, \$1 to \$1.75. All-Wool Cheviot, 40 and 42 inches wide, \$1 to \$1.50. All-Wool Mourning Cloth, 40 to 46 inches wide, 75c to \$1.25. All-Wool Merino, 38 to 44 inches wide, 75c to \$1.50. All-Wool Drap d'Alma, 40 to 44 inches, 90c to \$1.50.

If you should chance to be told that Robe patterns are not the thing for this season, be sure that your authority is misinformed. At present Style is liberal. You may range over many sorts of stuffs, choosing what your fancy or liking approves and yet be within the correct limits. Dress Goods in Robe patterns are so popular that we have been compelled to repeat orders, and supplement an already large and beautiful assortment.

A poet or word-painter might attempt a description of the lofty novelties in rough Dress Goods. Take this one. Curls and fluffs of greenish hair, yarns of wool in several shades, struck by lightning and resulting in a cloth which you admire, it's so stylish. But try to describe it. Easier to pronounce a Russian proper name with ten syllables, all consonants. Price, \$2 a yard. That's intelligible. But you should see it.

Here's another rough with Bourette plaids. One of the richest of the shaggy, bristly goods. Where but here would the advent of such a rarity be only an incident? Elsewhere it would be turned into a great event. Price is the important part, 42 inches wide and only \$1.75 a yard. That's the latest item of especial merit that we have culled. It's the trophy of the day, and too choice to last long.

Telling something last week about the Cashmeres and Henriettas, naturally leads today to the Serges. A mercurial temperament would enthuse over either or both, and the judgment halts at a decision upon respective merits. The shades of the French Serge are perfect, the weave without blemish and the fabric so solid that seams are reliable and button-holes sure. Don't confuse them with the German at lower prices. The durability of the French renders them cheaper than any.

Now, since the first of the season, you have been told something about Black Goods, Robes, Novelties, Tartans, Scotch Suitings, Cashmeres, Serges, Henriettas and many other things. The advertiser has made them pass in brilliant review. Your fancy painted them in passing and brought you to witness their beauty daily. But of the counters not noticed is one where nearly everything is 25c, 35c, 40c and 50c. Piles of French Stripes, fine and handsome. Cheviot style Wool Plaids, varying from a modest tweed of natural tint, with hair line plaids to figures one third the width of the piece.

Some Flannels are Dress Goods. An unseen, vague line divides them. This advertisement ignoring Flannels would be deficient. At the Flannel space you will see a line of Plaids, 25 styles, 38 inches wide, at 65c. They wander away from the neat, shepherd effects and gray checks, to the brilliant big plaids that are now in the swim of Fashion. And there are French Printed Flannels, beauties, 26 inches wide, at 65c, that you might easily mistake for Broadcloth or Foulle Serge, so smooth and mellow

MAGNIFICENT ATTRACTIONS BARGAINS SWARMING.

Builders Bankrupt Bargain Cloaks. What a tumult they created. Hundreds were sold last week. Such goods at such prices struck the trade like a thunderbolt. The lots at \$2.90, \$3.86 and \$4.97 claimed the continuous attention of customers. Well they might. We could tell you confidentially where not as good would cost \$6, \$8 and \$10, perhaps that wouldn't be neighborly. The detraction may all stay elsewhere.

It needs but half a look for any woman to convince herself of the extraordinary worth of the line marked at \$7.63. Would be cheap at \$15. Long Garments, Newmarkets, Ulsters and the like. Best shapes, newest materials, perfect makes—descriptions convey no notion to your mind. Omitting technicalities we tell you that they are stylish, very desirable and won't last long. The only reason for "slashed prices" being the way they were bought.

Furs are forward. Such a variety can nowhere else be seen. Muffs, Boas, Capes, Collars, Marten, White Krimmer, Polar Bear, Wool Seal, Silk Seal, Beaver, Astrakhan, Monkey, Coney, Hare, Gray Fox, Squirrel.

Our very low prices have led many to anticipate cold weather. It is not within the range of ordinary probability that equal opportunities as those we offer at present will again occur this Winter.

If you can so manage, it will be better to come in the morning. During the afternoons the spacious aisle devoted to the sale of these things is quite packed.

The \$15.00 Long Garments at \$7.63 have started a stir. You never saw their counterpart at anything like the price. Not poor, bad materials. Pure worsted either way, and if a thread breaks it won't ravel. Think of a neat, serviceable, sturdy Cloak on the threshold of Winter for such a bagatelle.

\$7.63

The toughest Ulster you ever saw. Not a scrap of cotton in it. Quiet checks and plaids. Style perfect and price a wonder. You'd never, never dream one could be bought under \$15. Taste and judgment would incline you to believe that way. The price is \$7.63. Compare with any at double price elsewhere.

An inexhaustible serial display of all combinations in top-proud Cloaks. The present exhibition is as complete and attractive as it will ever attain—impossible to eclipse it. Cream of both hemispheres. More Garments than you will find underneath any Southern retail roof—and less to pay. But the need for taste don't stop with gathering such a stock. Selecting with counts for most of all in a Cloak room. What color, what shape shall be worn? What style fits this form? Haven't you worried over it? We've people who have made a loving study of these things, who understand what is harmonious and appropriate in all that touches the wearing of a Wrap. You are welcome to their best thoughts—but they will not be forced or pressed upon you unasked.

Have you viewed the rich things? Gems from over the sea, and from home; every odd, chic and catchy curve that's new finds refuge here. We take the best where we find it, no matter whose, and don't allow any to undersell us. The Magasins du Louvre or our own Arnold, Constable don't get prices smaller. Here are Garments in Plush. They grow old gracefully, merely becoming softer, more tender and richer with the lapse of time. The Cloth ones are appreciated, the styles are strange, new and never weary. If you want to buy you are very welcome; if you do not, and merely have a fancy for looking at such things, you are just as welcome.

Wraps for the little folks. Their reception day was a notable celebration. Some thorough friends were made—future traders. The occasion was unique, and though past, many of the bargains remain.

New Department. Toilet articles. Already become a favorite spot. Popular products at popular prices. Colgate & Co. scatter their largess in perfumes, colognes, extracts and soap. The trade mark gives character to many toilet things that are reliable but not dear. Colgate! The name wouldn't fit a common Soap. You look for something delicate under such a label. We know of nothing more pure or exquisite than "Sweet Lavender." One of the few Soaps with a perfect odor. It's a household word, 17c. We have Toilet Waters that are stronger and superior than some folk's extract, 89c. Every going good face refresher that's healthy.

Little tricks and things at the Notion counter always here to gather in the stray, spare pennies and make the coin come this way.

Sixty more pairs of those surprise Scissors. Forged steel and finely finished. Try a pair—any pair. Wet a bit of tissue paper—snip, clip. See! Clean as a razor cut. Not a slur from rivet to point. If you didn't know you'd guess the price was double! Purses with oxide silver tops to carry small bits of jinglers safely locked, 5c to 50c. Pocketbooks—leather—secure money holders, 25c to \$2. Bags for buyers—shoppers, 50c to \$3.

All sorts, Tapes, Braids, Linings, and the like.

Today in the border land of Dress Goods you may ask what's in a name? There is a satire in the question when applied to Eiderdown Flannels. Never a scrap of Eiderdown, only wool, but the touch of it is so delicate that you begin to wonder at the textile affinity between sheep and ducks. Baby Blankets or Baby Wraps, or warm Dressing Sacks—how many wants they meet. They are in stripes, ranging from dainty blue, pink and cream to the deepest red.

So much Silk news that, considering the printer's pay, the question is what not to tell. Silks have a charmed realm of their own. Certain ladies must always wear Black Silks, certain occasions, weddings, dinners receptions, call for light Dress Silks. To get the cream of them all our buyer invaded all centers. The sequence is a stock far beyond former efforts in volume and variety. Selections are here representing the newest notions from Lyons, Paris, Eiberteld, Zurich and Patterson.

A lot of Silk Novelties opened up yesterday. Lyons dye. The tints were captured from old Rome and ancient Japan. The priceless colors in the hangings in heathen temples, and the exquisite shades from the Pompeian interiors are among them. For evening attire, this line affords a perfect chance to choose perfect colors.

The sum of this is come and enjoy these things. They are here for your pleasure. In design they are without exception refined, created with infinite care and patience.

Our Black Silks have had the benefit of the most critical expert knowledge in the selections. The adulteration of Black Silks is extensively carried on. It needs experience and skill to detect. This skill and the limitation of purchases to makers of known worth and good character keep the Black Silk stock honest. Cachemire Silks, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Faillie Francaise, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Merveilleaux, \$1.25, \$1.50. Rhadames, 75c, \$1, \$1.25. Armure, \$1.25, \$1.50. Tuscana diagonal, \$1.50. Novelty Brocades, from 75c to \$12.50. Black Surahs, 24 inches, at \$1. Lustrous and elegant, very.

Men's Underwear. The average man does not buy economically. He hasn't the faculty that reveals the size of a dollar that woman has. Yet with what prodigious tenacity and solidity of conceit he maintains he has. Women know why. Our Men's Goods Department interprets the wants of men; makes complete analysis of styles, and produces the right things as quick as they appear. This Men's Department is woman's work. We can serve men better by getting their mothers and wives interested. The 75c, 98c and \$1.25 Underwear are soft, warm and serviceable.

For full twenty years this store has been headquarters for Ladies' and Children's Underwear. Still more and better facilities now than ever. Promptness and perfection. Hardly a day but there's something new and attractive to tell of. Generally it don't get told. No use. The stock is so staple and full of just right garments that advertising hocus-pocus is not at all necessary. We have the goods and keep prices down. See, if we don't. Every finish, shape, quality and size. And prices are less than you thought to pay.

The constant references to our Glove and Hosiery stocks on this page are inspired by the enthusiasm of visitors that examine the goods critically. That it is not mere adulation, is proved by the substantial and steady growth of sales.

For dependable Gloves or Hose, see the show in our shelves. And remember that their elegance is not discounted by the fact that although perfectly novel, the prices are much below market value.

We control a line of Kid Gloves in Blacks and Tans, and a line of Hosiery for Ladies and Misses in plain Black that will win victories over all comparisons. Same is true of all the rest.

Getting Linens at first hands, in large lots, and only sorts that ought to be here is what makes such little prices possible. Be the grade high or low, Linen here is pure Linen. In all Atlanta there isn't another store that can do so well by buyers.

Here's genuine grass bleached Linen. Not an atom of chemical of any kind. Tough and lustrous as Linen ever gets, 98c. Satin Damask Table Linen, full 72 inches wide, \$1.25.

The assortment of Towels never so complete.

KEELY COMPANY.

OVER THE STATE.

THE TALK WHICH THE PEOPLE ARE INDULGING IN.

The Candidacy of General Gordon—The Situation in the Seventh District—Gossip in General.

ABOUT THE STATE, October 25.—[Special.] "Gordon is defeated," is heard in either tones of satisfaction or regret all over the state.

By some means such an impression has gotten out, and the above expression is on everybody's lips. There are many who regret it and many who applaud it. All, however, agree that but for his Atlanta speech to the alliance convention, he would have again donned the senatorial toga without the slightest opposition. Everybody loves and honors Gordon for his past and for what he is today, but the impression is deep-rooted that he flouted the red rag in the face of the alliance without provocation or cause, and the alliance men, who seem to be in the majority in the state and who compose a majority of the legislature, argue that it would be tramping their principles in the dust not to charge upon and go to political death a man whom they consider has announced himself an enemy to their platform of principle.

Although the majority of people over the state say Gordon is certain to be defeated, yet no one seems to have any definite idea of who will be elected. It seems quite certain, however, that the man will be one who has not yet been prominently mentioned for the senate. Indeed, an alliance man who pretended to know said yesterday that the name of the man who will succeed Senator Brown has not yet appeared in print in connection with the contest.

Who is the man? The old seventh is in a fever of political excitement and all over the district one hears the expression, "It's going to be very close."

Both candidates are working with vigor, and the friends of each are enthusiastic. Apparently the towns are for Felton while the country is for Everett. The alliance is strong in the seventh, as it is in all the other Georgia districts, and they claim Everett will carry the day.

A strong Felton man in Cobb, however, told me yesterday that Felton was quite certain of being elected by a small majority. He claimed Felton was certain to carry Cobb, Bartow, Floyd, Catoosa, Gordon, Whitfield, Polk and Dade, and the chances favored him in a few other counties. On the other hand, an Everett man in Cobb claimed Everett would get that county by 300 majority, and would carry Felton's own county.

It is just this way in many other counties. Both sides claim a majority, which goes to show that the contest will be very close, and the result cannot be predicted with any degree of certainty.

I heard Dr. Felton speak in Acworth this afternoon. The crowd was not particularly large, but they were decidedly enthusiastic. The old man is apparently as vigorous as he was ten years ago. He seems never to tire and his voice at the end of an hour's speech is stronger than at the beginning. He is making two speeches daily. After his speech at Acworth he told me that he felt better and younger after each speech, and decidedly more confident of election. "Indeed," said he, "I am going to be the next congressman from the seventh. My election is now a certainty."

The excitement all over the district is intense. At every railroad station one hears yells for Felton or Everett. Indeed, the people are hurraing for both. Some fellow will cry "Hurrah for Everett," when a dozen voices will be raised for Felton.

The doctor left the train at Emerson after his Acworth speech this afternoon. As he walked up beside the track to the station platform a young alliance man on the train leaned out of the window and cried:

"Old man, we've got you this time."

"All right," answered Dr. Felton, with a smile, "you might think so, but I don't."

Then there was a hurrah for Felton. The car windows went up and a dozen voices from all parts of the train cheered for Felton.

It is indeed warm in the seventh.

I met General John B. Clark, of Missouri, in Augusta the other day. General Clark was clerk of the last democratic house of representatives, and previous to that time was a member from Missouri. General Clark is perhaps the best-posted democratic politician about congressional matters in America. He has studied the present congressional situation thoroughly, having been in communication with the democratic leaders in all the states.

"The next house," said he, "I am sure will be democratic by from twenty to twenty-five majority. The democrats will hold their own all over the south. That is, they will elect fully as many democrats to the next house as they did to the present one. All the untested democrats will be returned. Then we shall have twelve democratic representatives from Ohio in place of the five we now have. This alone will give us a democratic majority. We shall probably gain two members in Iowa, giving us three in the place of the one we now have. Again, we will gain fairly one and perhaps two in Maryland, and certainly two in Missouri. We should gain one in New York, one in Illinois, in place of Mr. Cannon, and perhaps others in the northwestern states."

"While we have little money and the republicans are fairly rolling in it, yet the democrats are working vigorously in all the districts and when the returns are in you will see some very much surprised and badly disappointed republicans."

Judge Crisp, in an interview in New York on Thursday, sizes up the situation rather in the same manner. He said:

"We will gain a member from Tennessee and one each from North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland. We will regain two Missouri districts and possibly four. Then we are likely to capture one of the Iowa districts. So if we do as well elsewhere as we did in 1888 we would have a majority, for every gain for us means a loss for two to the republicans. We are sure to make gains in Ohio, and I understand we will also in this state. I do not see how we can be prevented from having a good working majority at all events."

The republicans have a candidate for congress in every district in the state. These candidates have little hope of success. Their races are, however, not without an object—particularly so with the candidates in the first, fourth, fifth, seventh and ninth districts. In the event that the next house should be republican, which is, however, not probable, these candidates who receive a respectable number of votes will contest, believing Reed would seat them. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that every democrat in the state should cast his vote on Tuesday, the 3d day of November.

Tom Watson is one of Georgia's new congressmen who will make a name for himself in the house of representatives. Watson is one of the ablest young lawyers in the state, and as an orator he has few superiors in the south. He is quick at repartee and has abundance of confidence in himself. Indeed, Watson is cut out for a debater and will make a reputation in the partisan debates that

occur almost daily in the lower house of congress. The democrats have few vigorous debaters who are capable of entering a rough and tumble parliamentary fight or sectional debate with credit to the party and themselves, and such men as Watson are really in demand. He will have ample opportunity to display his talents and ability, and those who know him best say he will do it creditably.

Mr. Watson carried every county in the tenth congressional district except Richmond. He never spoke there during the campaign, as it was Major Barnes' home county. He has, however, accepted an invitation to deliver a speech in Augusta during the latter part of next week.

E. W. B.

GORDON AND ANTI-GORDON.

The Result of the Primary in Monroe Yet in Doubt.

FORSYTH, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—The primary election was held today in Monroe county, for the purpose of instructing the representatives as to the choice of the people for United States senator.

But four precincts have been heard from—those adjacent, and they stand: Gordon, 171; anti-Gordon, 106.

The remote rural districts have not been heard from. Those acquainted with the political drift, however, say that the result will be close.

CRISP IN BOSTON.

He Delivers an Eloquent Address in Boston to a Large Crowd.

BOSTON, Mass., October 25.—[Special.]—Congressman Crisp addressed a large and enthusiastic democratic meeting in Faneuil hall tonight. He spoke for an hour and a quarter, and was listened to with the closest attention and interruptions with frequent applause. He spoke principally on the tariff and on the force bill.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN LITHONIA.

The Negroes Resist the Arrest of One of Their Number.

LITHONIA, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—There was an arrest made here this afternoon, of two negroes who were making some disturbance on the streets. They were locked up. This occurred at 4:30 o'clock.

At 8:30 o'clock tonight, several negroes were seen on the street with pistols. One of them came into the store of G. W. Johnson, and enquired for the man who made the arrest, saying that he would be d—d if any one in the town could arrest him.

Mr. Jasper Jenkins, deputy sheriff, was standing in G. W. Johnson's store. The negro passed out with his pistol in hand, when one of the constables remarked that the man should be arrested. Mr. Jenkins, with the marshal, started to take him, when he turned on them, shooting four times, only one shot taking effect, striking Mr. Jenkins in the right side, just in the rear of the right nipple.

He was picked up and placed in Mr. Johnson's store. Dr. Trotter was sent for, and with him in a few moments and relieved his sufferings. In a few minutes Dr. W. P. Bond came in, when, on examination as to the direction of the ball, it was found to be in the spine. Dr. Trotter removed it. It was from a .38-caliber pistol. Mr. Jenkins is resting quietly, and the doctors think that he is not fatally wounded, but very dangerously.

There is now a posse after the negro, who ran as soon as Mr. Jenkins fell. He was heard to say, as he ran by the depot, that he was shot. There was a meeting of the posse at a vict camp, three miles from here, for blood-hounds, and they will be put on his track, and he will be caught if possible.

The name of the negro that shot Mr. Jenkins is Arch Jones. He is a dark ginger cake color, about thirty-three years old, is five feet ten or eleven inches high, and weighs 175 pounds, and they will be put on his track, and he will be caught if possible.

ONE MAN KILLED.

And the Other Mortally Wounded—An Old Feud.

ATHENS, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—The Banner publishes tomorrow an account of a desperate tragedy in Madison county, about eight miles from here, near the Nicholson place, between William Martin and William Sanders, two white men, in which the latter is reported to have been killed almost instantly, and the former probably mortally wounded.

From all accounts it is learned that the difficulty originated as follows: It seems that the men were not on the best of terms, having had some misunderstanding about a lawsuit. It is said that Sanders had threatened Martin on several occasions. Today Martin was practicing shooting, when Sanders came up and accused him of trying to kill his cow. Hot words ensued for a while, after which both again withdrew. They finally came together again, and this time in earnest. Sanders was shot three times and Martin twice. The affair has caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood. Physicians regard Martin as in a precarious condition.

FOUR YEARS FOR LAMPKIN.

He Will Probably Let Traveling Peddlers Alone Hereafter.

ATHENS, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—Captain R. H. Lampkin, who was convicted of robbery by intimidation in the superior court a few days ago, was sentenced this afternoon by Judge Hutchins to four years in the penitentiary.

Before sentence was pronounced, defendant's counsel stated that they had written to the secretary of state to obtain the action taken by the last legislature in reducing the penalty to a misdemeanor instead of a felony, and would like to have the sentence postponed.

The judge ruled that sentence should be pronounced under the law as it now stood to perfect the records of the court, and if the desired information was received and affected the case, sentence could be laid aside.

Captain Lampkin was much affected and gave way to his feelings. A motion for a new trial has been made, and if this is overruled, the case will probably be carried to the supreme court.

JONES IS NOT DEAD.

Although He Had an Exceedingly Close Call.

LAGRANGE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—The rumor which reached this place that Mr. Jones, son-in-law of Hon. R. H. Jackson, of Heard county, had died from the effects of wounds inflicted by Andrew Askew, the negro with whom he had a difficulty a few days since, proves to be incorrect.

The latest reports are that Mr. Jones is doing well, and is likely to recover, which is gratifying news to his friends. The man, who is in jail here, was badly cut in the difficulty.

Will Move to LaGrange.

LAGRANGE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—Mr. T. J. Sheppard, of Covington, has decided to move to LaGrange, and will open a dry goods store here November 1st. Mr. Sheppard is an experienced merchant, and will prove a valuable addition to LaGrange.

Ready for the Spring Trade.

LAGRANGE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—Mr. W. E. Cox, manager of the LaGrange Plow Works, has started his machinery and will manufacture 8,000 or 10,000 plow stocks for the spring trade. He manufactures the famous Gammon plow stock, which is considered one of the best on the market, and meets with ready sale wherever introduced.

Death of Judge McLaughlin.

MURRAY, Ga., October 24.—[Special.]—After a short illness Judge A. M. McLaughlin, a prominent citizen of this town and community, died this morning with brain fever. Judge McLaughlin was about sixty-five years of age.

MOSES IN TROUP.

THE CANDIDATE FOR THE FOURTH SPEAKS IN LAGRANGE.

And Announces His Thorough Adhesion to Democratic Organization—A Fine Impression on the Voters.

LAGRANGE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—Hon. W. Y. Atkinson, of Newnan, and Hon. C. L. Moses, of Coweta, spoke in the courthouse today to a large audience. The speakers were introduced by Colonel Longley.

MR. ATKINSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Atkinson delivered an able speech on the issues of the day, reviewing the history of the two great political parties, and showed clearly how the masses are made to bear the burdens of the high protective tariff. He paid a fine tribute to the memory of Hon. B. H. Hill, who was raised in Troup, and also to Governor Gordon, whom he considered the highest and most illustrious types of our splendid civilization. The mention of both these men was greeted with tremendous applause. He pleaded for unity among democrats, and urged all to do their duty at the polls on election day.

MR. MOSES BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Hon. C. L. Moses, our candidate for congress, began his speech by making a personal explanation. He said that, judging from the tone of the daily press, he had been led to believe that there was indifference on the part of some democrats who were not alliance men, as to the result of the November election.

He said that although he was an alliance man he was a democrat, and would rather have his right arm torn from its socket than say one word which would tend in any way to cause division or dissension among democrats. If he thought his candidacy jeopardized the success of the democrats in this district, he would lay aside all personal ambition and allow some one else to become the standard bearer of the party. In speaking of the tariff, he said he favored Frank Hurd's policy—to abandon the tariff and raise revenue by direct taxation. He showed how the Conger tariff bill had reduced the price of cotton seed and almost paralyzed one of our southern industries.

He showed how the republicans fired the fat from the mouth of the north with which to corrupt the voters. One-third of the enormous sums paid as pensions comes from the south. The north gets all of it.

A REFERENCE TO JOHNSON.

The friends of Mr. Johnson, his republican opponent, said he was a nice man. It was such a rare thing to find any one man in the republican party that Johnson was regarded as a curiosity. Barnum should secure him as an attraction. He mentioned the subtreasury bill by saying that he favored its principles, but he did not regard it as perfect. Johnson claims to be a better subtreasury man than Moses.

That was because Johnson hoped that if the bill became a law the republicans would have the appointment of several of our federal office holders, but he would guarantee none of them would be given the negro.

Both speeches were patriotic and instructive, and created a fine impression on the audience, which was composed of all classes of citizens. Mr. Moses made many warm friends here today.

Troup county will give him a good majority, and it is currently hoped that every other county in the district will do likewise. Every democratic vote in the district will be needed, and every democrat said do his duty.

COLONEL CHARLES W. DUBOSE.

His Burial in Sparta Last Friday Afternoon.

SPARTA, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—The funeral of Colonel Charles W. Dubose occurred here yesterday at 3 o'clock. The stores were generally closed and the bar, of which he was the oldest member, was in a body with the sheriff at their head. At a meeting of the profession held prior to the burial, Colonel H. A. Church, F. L. Little and R. H. Lewis, of the Sparta court, with Mr. P. H. Wilkes, and Colonel James Whitehead, of Warren, were appointed to draft and present suitable resolutions relating to the deceased at the annual term of Hancock superior court, to be held on the second Monday in January next.

Rev. M. C. Britt, his pastor, assisted by Rev. P. F. Fitzsimmons, of Savannah, former pastor, officiated at the residence. The latter read the burial service, and the former made some most touching and appropriate remarks about the life and character of the deceased. The house was filled with sympathizing friends and neighbors. After these services the procession moved to the cemetery—the pall bearers with the hearse—followed by the bar, the family and friends in carriages, and the paid funeral.

At the grave Rev. O. P. Fitzsimmons delivered a brief, affectionate tribute to his friend, when Rev. Mr. Britt made the concluding prayer. The benediction was pronounced, and all that was mortal of Colonel Dubose committed to the earth.

He was in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was a contemporary of Judge Sayre, Baxter and Thomas, a law partner and life-long friend of Judge Linton Stephens, until his appointment to the supreme bench, and his death marks the departure from our midst of a man who was honored with many high trusts, public and private, and whose life was a success.

TO OPEN THE STREETS.

The City Council of LaGrange Asking for an Increase of Power.

LAGRANGE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—A bill will be introduced at the approaching session of the legislature to amend the charter of LaGrange so as to confer on the mayor and council the right and power to condemn private property for the purpose of opening, laying out and grading new streets, or extending old ones, and also to provide for assessment of damages to property through which the streets are to be opened. This has become necessary by the steadily growing city. When the new streets are opened many valuable building lots will be put upon the market, and a number of new houses will be erected thereon.

A Railroad Man Injured.

WATKINSBORO, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—Mr. Sam Holly, who is a train hand on the way freight, while coupling cars at this point today, was very seriously mashed between two freight cars. Dr. H. B. McMaster took him in charge and on to Augusta. Examination showed the right hip and bowels mashed, but his physicians think he will soon recover with proper attention, if no further serious complications are discovered.

Fort's Manganese Mines.

MOUNT AIRY, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—Mr. John P. Fort has returned from Chattanooga, where he has been negotiating with parties there to handle his manganese from his mines near here, which are very rich and extensive.

W. A. McConnell is building a very large lake in the suburbs of Mount Airy, which will cover several acres. He expects to complete the work and equip the lake with boats for next summer.

The Tenth District Republicans.

SANDERSVILLE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—The republicans of Washington and Johnston counties held a meeting here today to rally the nomination of A. E. Williams for congress. Addresses were delivered by Captain J. W. Lyons, A. E. Williams and James Johnson. Quite an amount of enthusiasm prevailed, and a full vote is expected on the day of the election.

The Death of a Stranger.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—W. E. Barnes, a stranger in the city from St. Johns, Newfoundland, died at the Williams house a day or two ago. His relatives in far distant Newfoundland were notified of his death.

The New Postmaster.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., October 25.—[Special.]—A. D. Riley, the new postmaster, has taken charge. No change has been made as yet in the force of assistants.

NO WHERE ON EARTH CAN YOU EQUAL SUCH LOW PRICES ON SHOES

— AS —

Ryan's

Offer. All the Most Celebrated Makes and Finest Goods Manufactured Always Kept in Stock.

A SHOE STOCK OF OVER \$150,000

To make your selections from. Read what we have to offer you

THIS WEEK:

"Padan Bros." Finest Ladies Curacao Kid Button Shoes, \$1.50 pair.

"Curtis & Wheeler's" Fine Kid Button Boot for Ladies, \$2.25 pair.

"Reed & Co.'s" best Kid Button Shoe, \$2 per pair.

"Lattemar & Co.'s" Finest Kid Button Shoe, \$2.10 per pair.

"Nettleton & Heiser's" best French Calf Gent's Hand-Sewed Shoe, worth \$7.50 per pair, only \$3.50 per pair this week.

"Morrow's" best Kid Button Shoes for Ladies, \$1.50 per pair.

"Sach's" best Kid Button Shoe, \$1.25 per pair.

"Torrey's" best Calf Gent's Fine Shoes, \$2.75 per pair, worth \$4.50.

"Saller, Lewis & Co.'s" best Kid and Goat Children's School Shoe, \$1 per pair—A Big Bargain.

"P. Cox's" Finest Kid and Goat Children's School Shoe, \$1.25 pair.

We have a standing reward for any dealer on earth to equal our prices on First-Class A 1 Solid Leather Shoes. We Keep No Other.

CLOTHING!

By far the largest Stock of Clothing ever shown in Atlanta or any other city. Suits to fit every one. Men's and Boys' Suits at prices that would paralyze the big profits regular clothing dealers put on goods.

Men's Plain and Fancy Cassimere Suits at \$7,

WORTH \$12.50.

Stein, Bloch & Co.'s best Imported Cassimere Sacque Suits at \$9.10 Suit, worth \$15.

Adler & Co.'s finest Imported Cheviot Suits at \$9.10 Suit.

Stein, Bloch & Co.'s finest Cutaway Imported Cheviots, only \$12.15 Suit.

I. L. Falk & Co.'s best 3-Button Cutaway Cassimere Suits, New Designs, only \$7.50 Suit.

N. J. Schloss's finest Imported Diagonal Suits, only \$5 Suit.

Pants worth \$7, \$8, \$9 and \$10 per pair, your choice at \$3.90.

John Ryan's Sons

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FOUR BRILLIANT COTTON BAGGING WEDDINGS.

TWO GREAT WEEKS--PAST AND PRESENT

THE FARMERS WILL HAVE SWAY IN ALLIANCE WEEK.

THE GUARD WIN THE FIRST PRIZE.

THE GREAT INTERSTATE CONTEST

Decided in Favor of the Gate City Guard.

THE PRIZES AWARDED YESTERDAY.

This Week Is Alliance Week, and Will Be Great.

FOUR COTTON BAGGING WEDDINGS.

And Other Attractions Too Many To Mention.

A WONDERFUL EXPOSITION IT IS.

Two great weeks--one just ended, the other just beginning.

The gloom that came with the storms of the early days was quickly dispelled when glorious sunshine brought great crowds to the grounds, and, taken as a whole, the week has been one of the most successful in the history of the association.

The military has been the special feature of the past week, though even without that the week's programme would have been excellent. The state drill, interstate drill, squad and individual drills, and the sham battle were all that the greatest military enthusiast could wish for. And as for the scene yesterday when the victory of the Gate City Guard was announced--they were well-beyond description.

Atlanta is proud of her military companies, and she has good reason to be. The people generally admire them all, but in addition to this general admiration, each has very many special friends who are ready at all times to believe that nothing on earth can compare with that particular company. So it is with the Guard; and literally with delight were these special friends when the announcement of the Guard's great victory was made yesterday. Their enthusiasm was contagious, and their cheers at the exposition drill found hearty echo on the streets of the city. Captain Sneed, his able lieutenants, the members of the drill team, and everybody who were a Gate City Guard uniform were overwhelmed with congratulations, and none were heartier than those that came from the members of the defeated companies. Telegrams of congratulation to Captain Sneed and the company came from all parts of Georgia and the south, and last night the Guard armory was the scene of joy and rejoicing.

And now for this week. It is Alliance Week, with splendid programmes for each and every day. The racing will continue, the best ever seen in the south--all running races from now on.

But the special Alliance Day.

Wednesday and Thursday will be the greatest days of the exposition. "The railroads will hardly be able to bring to Atlanta all the people who want to come on these days," said President Livingston, of the alliance, who reports from all parts of the state. On Wednesday and Thursday the cotton bagging weddings will prove great attractions; and from the loaders of the great farmers' movement will come words of counsel and instruction to the members of the order.

Every day will be perfect. You cannot afford to miss any of them.

The programme yesterday at the exposition attracted thousands of people.

It was another great day out there, and the show was at its best.

There were many things that carried the people to the grounds. The squad and individual prize drills between the interstate companies were great attractions, and there were many who went for no other reason than to be present at the announcement of the prizes to the victors of the interstate drill, losing sight of the very entertaining programme of events.

THE SQUAD DRILL.

The prize squad drill was only entered by the Sewanee Cadets and the Gate City Guard. These two companies put in their best soldiers and the drill was close and exciting. Promptly at 10 o'clock the squad drill began, and the following squad from the Sewanee Rifles were marched on the field:

C. B. Ford, D. Hamilton, W. Nichol, E. F. Howard, W. Cleveland, G. W. Brown, W. B. Lowe, G. Glass.

Captain Frank Coyle commanded the squad, and their drilling was perfectly uniform. The commands were given with precision and executed with strict regard to military tactics by the men.

The drill consumed about a quarter of an hour, and when the men were dismissed there was loud cheering among the people in the grand stand.

The applause didn't die away until the squad from the Gate City Guard marched on the field, and then it was renewed with double force.

The following are the men who composed the squad from the Gate City Guard: Mark Hightower, Eugene Myrick, H. F. Scott, George Loman, L. D. White, J. G. Goss, Alt Malone and C. M. Roberts. Captain Sneed commanded.

There was frequent applause on the grand stand and among the people on the grounds during the drill, which was excellent throughout.

THE INDIVIDUAL DRILL.

Just as soon as the squad drill was called by Lieutenant McDonald, of Auburn, Ala., one of the judges.

In the individual drill were Messrs. Hamilton, Cleveland, Brown and Glass, from the Sewanee Rifles; Messrs. D. C. Ferguson, Rosenfield, Abernethy and Fishery, from the Fort Worth Fencibles; Messrs. Hill, McMillan and Hayden, from the Atlanta Rifles; Messrs. George Lee, Mitchell and Connel and

Messrs. Hightower, Myrick, White and Roberts, from the Gate City Guard.

The drill began at 11:20 o'clock, Lieutenant McDonald commanding.

Mr. Glass, of the Sewanee Cadets, was the first man to drop out, and did it by having his hand too high on the piece at right shoulder. He was followed in due succession by three or four from the different companies on a catch command.

These catch commands played havoc with the line, and frequently the squad had to be dressed up.

Four of the Gate City Guard were in the line for a long time, but three of them were thrown out together on the command "three," instead of "two," in carry from right shoulder.

After ten or fifteen minutes there were only two men in the line--Wilbur Brown, of the Sewanee Cadets, and C. M. Roberts, of the Gate City Guard.

They stood firmly for several minutes, and the excitement was intense. The judges drew near to them and with hawk-eyed scrutiny watched their execution of the commands.

Finally, the command, "carry arms" was given to be executed from right shoulder. Quick as lightning Brown's piece went down to a carry with precision. Roberts did it just as well, but was ruled out for being slow in his movement.

There was a rush for Brown on the part of the Sewanee boys, and he was lifted high in the air, and carried along in front of the grand stand, which shook with a storm of applause.

DELIVERING THE PRIZES.

While the crowd still moved here and there in wild excitement over the individual drill, and congratulations were shouted on all sides to the victorious one, Captain Pryor Myatt announced that the companies that competed for the prize in the interstate drill would form in line before the grand stand at 12:15 o'clock, when the prizes would be awarded.

The time soon came.

A line extending all along the grand stand was drawn up composed of all the companies in the drill.

At 12:15 o'clock Colonel W. L. Calhoun took the speaker's stand and said:

Fellow soldiers: Ever since the world began there has been rivalry between men for reward. I am glad that this rivalry is lately being encouraged among military men by the frequent offers of prizes for excellence in such companies as the Piedmont Exposition Company.

It is my happy privilege today to represent the Piedmont exposition in presenting its prizes to those of you who have won the highest degree of excellence in the opinion of the judges in the great interstate drill.

I am installed to award the first prize of \$2,500 to the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta.

Colonel Calhoun was stopped by an outburst of tremendous applause, which lasted for several minutes.

Men leaped over the fence to shake the hands of the Guards in line, and the police had to drive back the crowd.

Colonel Calhoun proceeded to award the second prize, \$750, to the McCarthy Light Guards, of Little Rock, Ark. Again the grounds echoed with thundering applause and the Light Guards were the toast.

The band in the gallery played the "Arkansas Traveler," and the crowds went wild with enthusiasm for the boys from away out in Arkansas, who had drawn up in line with knapsacks on their backs ready to break camp for their home in the far off west.

There were many who were possibly surprised at the awarding of the second prize to the Light Guards, the pools having sold so differently, but true it is that nobody was sorry.

The Arkansas boys are a genial, wholesome set, and their stay in Atlanta has won for them many warm friends here.

The prize of \$100 for the squad drill was awarded to the Sewanee Cadets, and the prize of \$50 for the individual drill was given to Mr. Wilbur Brown, of the Sewanee Cadets.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and the crowds were in the humor for another prize awarding.

Every company left the grounds followed by deafening shouts.

HOW THEY DRILLED.

The judges say the drilling was very good indeed, as a rule.

But, there were errors and lots of them on the score book against each company with all that.

Lieutenant Lawton, one of the judges, said last night to a CONSTITUTION reporter that the winning company did so almost entirely through the excellence of the captain.

"Captain Sneed," said he, "was excellent in every command and in the general appearance he made with the company."

They gave a good inspection but there were quite a few individual errors against them. They followed the programme accurately with few captain's errors.

The percentage was 85 out of the possible 100."

THE LIGHT GUARDS.

"This company drilled surprisingly," said Lieutenant Lawton, "and had fewer errors in the execution of commands than any other company. Their only glaring errors were on the part of the captain's interpretation of the commands. The men didn't make any individual errors to speak of."

Their percentage was fairly good."

Their percentage was 78.75."

"They lost it by not being careful enough--that was all. The inspection was fairly good. The guns were in very good condition, but the officers seemed to me to interpret the programme and during the inspection looked carelessly around over the grand stand, etc. The company got several errors by this. The drilling was very good, and the only errors were made by the captain."

Their percentage was 78.75."

THE CADETS.

The Sewanee boys were well set up. They drilled beautifully, but there were some captain's errors, or misinterpretations, which counted against them too severely. They made up a very handsome company to be sure, and were beautifully matched and trained. Their guns were in poor condition, having just been given to them by the state, and of course we had to make allowance for that. Their percentage was 79.58."

"They would have done better but for the condition of the field. The boys were at considerable disadvantage, and only made 77.30."

THE BALLOONS DANCE UP.

At 1 o'clock the balloons were turned loose and danced up with dizzy speed.

One of the aeronauts drifted out to the east, and hung for several minutes like a feather in the air, finally cutting loose his parachute and coming down with easy grace, landing in the woods on the eastern hills around the exposition grounds.

But, the other fellow--his parachute strings had been cut, by some unknown party which he found out just in time to save himself. He did not cut loose the parachute, but took chances with the balloon and drifted about for some time before the great air ship began to fall to the earth. He made the trip successfully, but he said it was the most successful escape he had figured in for many a day.

Half of the ropes of his parachute were cut, and if had cut loose before he said it, he would have fallen to certain death, shrouded by the folds of the parachute.

Pawnee Bill and his band of warriors and cowboys, caught the grand stand as usual yesterday.

The performance was a grand one, and the scenes were more interesting and real than ever before.

There was an appreciative crowd in the grand stand, too, and the cowboys were spurred on to their acting with an impulse of enthusiastic applause.

The fancy rifle practice by Pawnee Bill and his wife, Miss Lillie, was very fine, and the show was never more enjoyed from beginning to end.

THE RACES.

The committee on races was never more enthusiastically toasted by a large and appreciative crowd than by the tremendous audience that gathered each race in on the home stretch yesterday.

The track was good, being only a little too heavy.

The horses were some of the best on the American turf, and the multitude of people in the grand stand was made up exclusively of people for whom the track has great charm and fascination.

THE TROTTING DOG "DOC."

Before the horse races began there was a lively race between the famous trotting dog, "Doc," and one of the swiftest ponies in the show.

"Doc" started off with a well regulated trot which he kept unbroken around the entire half mile, leading the pony, which broke several times and galloped nearly half the distance.

The dog was driven by little Willie Ketchum, in a sulky.

There is something remarkable in the animal. Just how he can, with a weight of fifty-two pounds pull a weight of seventy-nine pounds in a trot and beat a pony round a race track is a mystery, and yet this is just what he did yesterday.

Thousands cheered the famous trotter around the track, and he left the field a hero in his way.

THE HORSE RACING.

The first was an unfinished trotting race, two heats of which had previously been won by Lucile Buford, owned by W. S. Shonford. The other entry was Jim, belonging to Ross McDonald.

The race was a mile, three in five. There was a good start, and the horses went off abreast.

In the second quarter Lucile Buford broke and got way behind. She never caught up, and after a chase of a mile Jim winning it easily in 3:07.

After this heat the chariot race was run. It was between two teams of Rhode Island ponies. The race was won by Miss Julia Mann, who drove the smallest four-abreast team.

It was a thrilling race.

There was a second heat in the trotting race, two heats of which had previously been won by Lucile Buford, owned by W. S. Shonford. The other entry was Jim, belonging to Ross McDonald.

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by a lady; first premium, silk dress, value, \$75--Miss Marie Griggs, 195. Second premium, Miss Mattie Sue Havard, cash, \$25. A. A. Mueller, proprietor of the "Dresden," offered for the largest and best display of china painting, first premium, tea set, value, \$50; won by Miss Marie Griggs. Second prize, handsome lamp, value, \$20; won by Mrs. John Benton. The judges recommended the following: Best display of pastels and wood engraving--Miss Georgia Green, \$15. Best copy in oil (cherry ripe)--Miss Mattie Ellis, \$15. Best most artistic display of stuffed birds and taxidermy, \$15. Best painting by a boy under fifteen--Master Albert Averbach, \$15. WILLIAM LYCETT, Superintendent.

A NOVEL BET.

One Man to Black Another's Shoes in the Kimball Arcade.

A novel wager has been made and won. The man that lost it is Mr. R. H. Carpenter, of the Atlanta Rifles.

Mr. Edendenfield, the man that won the bet, will have a free shine this morning at 9 o'clock in the arcade of the Kimball.

All because the Gate City Guard beat the Atlanta Rifles in the interstate drill Friday.

It goes without saying that an interested lot of spectators will be on hand when the time comes this morning.

A WONDERFUL SHOWING.

Mr. Charlie Johnson Beats the Record of Traveling Men.

Here is a record for you. It is by odds the best ever made.

Mr. Charles S. Johnson, one of THE CONSTITUTION's corps of traveling men, came in with more than \$1,000 collections on subscriptions for the daily last week. This is the largest amount any traveling man has brought in, from subscriptions alone, outside of Atlanta, in one week in the twenty-two years' existence of THE CONSTITUTION, and it

THE CONSTITUTION.

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Subscribers at once.

THE SUNDAY CONSTITUTION

\$2 A YEAR.
SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.
ATLANTA, GA., OCTOBER 26, 1890.

Hon. J. C. C. Black's Letter.

We print elsewhere a letter from Hon. J. C. C. Black, of Augusta, in reply to one from Colonel J. P. Austin, of Fulton county. It is a very interesting communication, as showing the views of an able and popular citizen, but there are matters in it that suggest comment.

For instance, when Mr. Black proceeds to describe the alliance, and to give what he understands to be its purposes and methods, it is singular that he should employ expressions that cannot in reason and justice be applied to the attitude of the Farmers' Alliance in Georgia. "You apply," says Mr. Black, speaking through Colonel Austin to the alliance—"you apply particular standards and tests, you insist that candidates for the legislative and executive departments of the state government and both houses of congress must submit to be measured by your yardstick."

Now, we submit that this sort of thing is unjust—that it flies in the face of well-known facts. Mr. Black, instead of observing for himself, has taken his description of the Georgia alliance from papers which seem to be impressed with the idea that it is a crime for the democratic farmers of Georgia to take any prominent part in politics. Where, in Georgia, has the alliance "yardstick" been applied to the detriment of the democratic party? Has it been applied to Mr. Crisp? Or to Mr. Turner? Or to Colonel Lester? If the alliance "yardstick" has been applied to candidates, as Mr. Black says it has, we should now behold the spectacle of independent farmer candidates in all parts of the state. But where is there an alliance candidate running against a democratic nominee in Georgia?

After all this is the test of the attitude and temper of the farmers in Georgia, and we think that Mr. Black should have depended on the facts of the situation, rather than on the theories and conclusions of editors who do not believe that a farmer can be an alliance man and at the same time a democrat. The facts of the situation show that the farmers of Georgia, to a man, are standing by the democratic party. They have submitted to the methods and discipline of the party in every particular, and the nominees who are in sympathy with them have even gone through the unnecessary formality of pledging themselves to abide by the democratic caucus.

If Mr. Black had looked over the state with an observing eye, he would have perceived that wherever there is discord in the democratic party—wherever democratic success is threatened—it will be found that so-called Jeffersonian democrats are at the bottom of the trouble, while the farmers and the alliance men are standing squarely by the democratic organization. Surely this condition of affairs ought to put an end to the nonsense that is written about the Farmers' Alliance by those who feed their pens with their prejudices. One fact is worth all the theories that can be put on paper, and the fact in Georgia is that the farmers are today standing by the party as they have stood by it for twenty-five years.

Lincoln's Bad Blunder.

Robert T. Lincoln, the son of his father, has emerged from his retirement at the Court of St. James, and has delivered himself of a somewhat remarkable letter on Pennsylvania politics.

Very little has been heard of Mr. Lincoln since he became the high representative of this government in England, and we are sorry to hear from him now, in the character which he has assumed. As a republican, the success of his party is naturally a matter of some interest to Mr. Lincoln. But when, as is the case in Pennsylvania, the best men in that party denounce its candidates as men unfit for office; when charges of fraud and corruption are made and sustained against men who are seeking to grasp the reins of government, it is hardly creditable to a representative man like Mr. Lincoln to defend them by personal endorsement; to eulogize them in an organ letter which is being used as a campaign document in their interest.

The best republicans in Pennsylvania have denounced Quay and his man Delamater; the best elements in the republican party are opposed to them; ministers have thundered their denunciations from their pulpits, and an earnest effort is being made by democrats and republicans who have the welfare of the state at heart to put down fraud and corruption and give the state an honest government. But while this political revolution is going on in the Keystone State, Robert T. Lincoln sends this message across the water:

I pretend to no rights to speak for any one but myself, but I think I may claim a special interest in the memory of my father, and, having it, I most earnestly regret the use of his name, as a founder and leader of our party, to induce a hesitancy to effort for its own overthrow in Pennsylvania. I know no warrant for such a use. True republicans should, in my opinion, submit their personal choice to their party, and not follow personal malcontents, whose animosity toward their opponents, if they are not, in fact, merely masked opponents. For myself, I would, in Pennsylvania, as a supporter of Senator Delamater, as an ardent and able republican, holding his defeat as the chosen head of our ticket, to be ungracious to the national upholding of the principles we have in the heart.

It is a letter which is not likely to do the writer or his party any good. Aware of the charges which have been made against Delamater, aware of the infamy which brands the name of Quay, Robert T. Lincoln declares that, were he in Pennsylvania, he would support them; not because they are honest men; not because they have any redeeming qualities; but in that they are republicans! He would support them for this reason and no other. To him Delamater is "an ardent and able republican," and nothing more; and as such, no matter

what his character may be, no matter how infamous the methods employed to elect him, he should have the support of all good men!

Mr. Lincoln should blush to be so recorded. His letter places him in an unenviable light before the people of Pennsylvania, and indeed, before the people of the whole country. They have had a better opinion of him than that, and it is a pity that he has placed himself on record as being willing to sacrifice the interests of a people to the success of a party. One of three things must be said of Mr. Lincoln: He has been misled by false representations; he is woefully ignorant of public affairs in this country; or he is a bitter, unrelenting partisan, who would lead his party to power if it had to reach it through the ruins of the republic.

The Grady Hospital.

The contract for the building of the Grady hospital has been signed, and the buildings are to be completed within a year.

It is the desire of the committee having the matter in charge to lay the corner stone of the hospital on Christmas day, and no better day in the year could be selected.

Mr. Joseph Hirsch, the efficient chairman of the committee, has his heart in this noble work, and will leave nothing undone to push Atlanta's splendid charity forward to success.

It will be necessary to raise an additional \$25,000 to complete the required amount. To the rich, the well-to-do and the kind-hearted people of our city this sum is a mere trifle, and can be raised with ease in a few days.

No appeal should be waited for. This simple statement ought to be enough to stir the sympathies and open the purses of the citizens of Atlanta. It was Henry Grady's most cherished wish to see a hospital erected that would be worthy of the city he loved so well, and fully adequate to answer its pressing needs.

Let us whirl in, and with a little spontaneous work raise the money that is wanted during the present week.

Mr. Hirsch authorizes THE CONSTITUTION to receive subscriptions, and it will afford us pleasure to print such a roll of honor in our columns.

Cold Days Ahead.

The projected labor will regard the coming winter as a hard one, full of unusually cold days.

The Louisville Courier-Journal gives a rough outline of the workman's troubles under the McKinley tariff. They will begin, says our contemporary, when he makes a fire in the morning on a stove taxed an increase of 20 per cent; he will shave himself with a razor taxed an increase of 10 per cent; his wife will cook breakfast in pots, kettles and pans on which the tariff has been raised 15 to 20 per cent; he will find that his tablecloth costs 15 or 20 per cent more; his knives and forks 25 per cent more; and his glasses 15 per cent more. His tin dinner pail will cost him 20 to 50 per cent more, or he can carry his food in a basket on which the tax has been raised 5 per cent.

The poor fellow will pay the following advance on recent prices for his clothing: 15 to 30 per cent on his underwear; 5 per cent on his hat; and 15 to 30 per cent on his outer garments. Nor is this all. For his wife and daughters he must pay 4 cent a yard more for cotton goods; 15 to 30 per cent more for woolen; 20 per cent more for linen; 10 to 30 per cent more for handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs and trimmings; 10 per cent more for cloaks; 10 to 15 per cent more for a carpet, and so on for almost everything that he has to buy.

Naturally, the average workman will look upon this as the winter of his discontent. Fortunately, he will soon have a chance to right his wrongs. All that he has to do is to fall in with the democratic procession, and cast his vote against the partisans who are responsible for McKinleyism and other evils.

The National Temperance Convention. Very little time in which to prepare for the reception of the delegates to the national temperance convention remains to the people of Atlanta.

For months past the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has made an active canvass of the city in this interest, but reports to date show that they have not met with the success they deserve. Considerable work still remains to be done, and as the convention meets here early in November, the committees that have the work in hand are pressed for time, and earnestly ask the speedy co-operation of the citizens of Atlanta, in order that the arrangements for the entertainment of the delegates may be perfected before they arrive.

The people of Atlanta are aware of the fact that this national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States is a great and notable one; that it will crowd the city with visitors, and that, aside from the general good it may accomplish, it will be an honor and an advertisement to Atlanta.

Let the efforts of the ladies of Atlanta in its behalf meet with the hearty endorsement of the people.

The Functions of Government.

The people everywhere are demanding the extension of the functions of government. Even in Germany the workmen have just made an unsuccessful attempt to secure government aid in the erection of cheap homes. As might have been expected, the answer was that such matters should be left to private enterprise.

In this country our form of government means equal justice to all and special favors to none, but we are rapidly drifting away from the original doctrine. Under the rising theory of paternalism we have class legislation for the fishermen and the manufacturers. Money is taken out of the national treasury for an expedition to relieve flood sufferers, or to turn a little creek into a big river.

Naturally, the farmers think that they have just as much right as any other class to ask for federal assistance, and this is true. If the government will not extend a helping

hand to the agricultural interests it should withdraw its favors from other classes, and leave us all on an equal footing—to sink or swim, survive or perish, as the case may be.

But it is not likely that paternalism will go backward. The farmers are organized, their blood is up, and the fight is on. If our government proposes to grant favors to the fishermen, the manufacturers and the whisky men it will sooner or later be forced to extend its policy to other classes that have been left out in the cold for the past hundred years. The demand of the people is that, instead of helping a few, Uncle Sam shall help all. It is a pretty heavy pull, but it is based upon the principle of equal justice.

It won't do to say that the masses demand too much; a better way of stating the case is to say that the classes are getting more than their share.

Some Campaign Poetry.

The campaign through which we are passing is, in many respects, a remarkable one. It has treated the people to so many surprises that now nothing provokes surprise. But while it has been prolific in producing candidates it has also given birth to a number of poets, who seem to have a special engagement for the season.

These poets are of various grades, and employ various styles in the delivery of their rhapsodies. We have the jubilant political poet, who dashes off his rhymes with the ban-chere and a tiger for his candidate; the uncertain poet, who warns the people that time is fleeting, and that they had better put in some good work for their candidate before the election; and the gloomy, dyspeptic poet, who sighs the death-knell of the country and evolves his rhymes from the smouldering ashes of a ruined state.

Of the latter class a notable example is presented in a recent issue of The Rome Tribune. Our brilliant contemporary gives the emphasis of its editorial columns to a poem which bears the melancholy title: "Mourn, Georgia, Mourn!" And with this black headline for a text the local bard strikes his mournful lyre to the following desolate tune:

Mourn, Georgia, mourn, my native state,
Sad seems indeed thy bitter fate;
Thy banner-chief and tiger for his cause,
By demagogues is now assailed.
And thy bright star of rising fame,
Seems doomed before last to set in shame.

Thou hast before been sore distressed,
When alien foes thy strength suppressed,
And held thee down 'neath tyrannical heel,
While thy scavenger could rob and steal;
But tyrant's hate and heels to crush
Could never give thee cause to blush.

Unhappy then as was thy curse,
Thy latter fate must now be worse—
To feel the shame, to see and know,
"Thy own sons are thy foe!"
That they, who nurtured on thy soil,
Now rob like thee and waste thy spoil.

Hear now that mob in scorn deride
Thy patriots and thy men of pride,
Whom they have dragged with malice vile
From state which clings to him now die,
From places high that gave thee fame,
Which now, alas, must ring thee shame.

This is truly a sad state of affairs. But it is evident that the poet in question has had bad grooming, and has feasted on food which does not agree with him. We hope for better things for Georgia. We are getting along famously. Nowhere is the desolation the poet deplores visible. There are no "banners trailing in the dust;" they are in the very front of the procession, fluttering proudly in the breeze, and free from advertisements of all kinds. No mobs "deride our patriots in scorn;" no "sons of Georgia" are in the political undertaking business, and dealing out woe in solemn measures to the people; and while we occasionally hear of burglars breaking in on the peace of communities, no one "nurtured on thy soil," is engaged in "despoiling the state."

We recommend that this gloomy campaign poetry be relegated to the rear. What we need most is the cheerful, urging article, which sounds like a bugle blast, and winds up with, "There's life in the old land yet," and—

Come to the polls.

Ye jolly, good souls,

And put in a vote for Georgia!

That is the kind of campaign poetry we want; and here is another sample:

Go in to vote for Georgia,

Early 'n' late;

Democratic ticket—

Always straight.

Cotton in the bale,

Money in the pocket;

Baby in the cradle,

Pretty wife to rock it.

We advise The Rome Tribune to hold its poets in until they have sufficiently recovered to take a more cheerful view of things. There is nothing in the campaign to warrant these dark forebodings and melancholy outbursts. Georgia is all right. Let the poets keep off!

The Constitutional School System.

THE CONSTITUTION has been urging the importance of local taxation, supplemented by the state fund, as the best and quickest means of establishing a public school system worthy of the name. We have based our suggestion upon the experience of the towns in maintaining public schools by local taxation, and it has seemed to us that the principle which works so well among the urban population would be equally satisfactory in the country, where the love of local self-government is strongest.

We wish now to call attention to the fact that the constitutional convention of 1877 provided for local taxation for school purposes in the country at the same time that it provided for local taxation in the towns. That convention was a body in which the wisdom of three generations met and united in the firm fusion that comes after protracted and profound debate.

In the constitution then adopted this paragraph appears:

Authority may be granted to counties, upon the recommendation of grand juries, and to municipal corporations, upon the recommendation of the corporate authority, to establish and maintain public schools in their respective limits by local taxation; but no such local law shall take effect until the same shall have been submitted to a vote of the qualified voters in each county or municipal corporation, and approved by a two-thirds vote of persons qualified to vote at such election; and the general assembly may prescribe who shall vote on such question.

It was clearly seen then that the framers of the constitution had in view the method we suggest. Reference has been made by General Toombs, in discussing another subject, to the fact that by decisions following the Taxo fund, the state of Georgia had been held liable for fraudulent land claims, and so led into complications which brought about the cession of our im-

mense western territory to the government; and other members of the convention had contrasted our lack of school fund with the immense landed school endowments of the western states. In that state of affairs it became incumbent upon the convention to give as much opportunity for raising school funds as could be hit upon without leaving open to the legislature a dangerous license in the use of the taxing power. In this emergency local taxation was wisely brought in. It is the safest kind of license in the use of the taxing power; because the burden falls immediately upon those who exercise the power, and they are not likely to put an excessive burden on themselves. On the other hand, if they are able and willing to bear a heavier burden than people in other parts of the state, they are at liberty to do so. Each community is left free to exercise its own public spirit and its own enterprise. The people will bear a heavier burden this way than by state taxation, for self-imposed burdens are the lightest. This is the impregnable rock upon which the school system may be founded, and it is the best pledge of the permanent excellence of the public school system that it shall be rooted and grounded in each community, where the affections of the people will bind it firmly in its place and every man will become its defender. It is bringing the school as near as possible to the hearthstone and placing it, as near as may be, in touch with the conserving influence of the family—the unit into which society is resolved, the foundation upon which it rests, with whose weakening it becomes feeble and with whose strengthening it becomes strong.

How to Save the Forests.

There is an object lesson in forestry within our state which the lumbermen and the legislature will do well to profit by. The matter is fully set forth in another column under the head of "The Altamaha Plan."

It is a fact not generally known that the long-leaf pine perpetuates itself in a forest regularly thinned out, but fails utterly of a worthy successor when the ground is entirely cleared.

The saplings which grow up in the open clearing or the old field are of an entirely different character and hardly fit for lumber. This is an interesting fact, worthy of close study and patient investigation. Moisture and shade evidently have much to do with the development of the stately long-leaf pine.

This question is discussed more at length in the article referred to.

Liberal Mississippi.

The new constitution of Mississippi will contain some very liberal provisions. It fixes the salary of the lieutenant governor at \$500 a year, and the speaker of the house will be paid the same for each biennial session of the legislature.

The legislature will be empowered to exempt from taxation for five years manufacturing and other new enterprises of public utility.

In the debates in the convention, the speakers showed a disposition to offer inducements to outside capital and enterprise, and it seemed to be generally conceded that manufactures and railroads should receive encouragement and aid from the state.

Mississippi will find that a liberal policy under judicious limitations will be of incalculable benefit, and it is the part of wisdom to outline in the fundamental law of the state. It is a great mistake to hamper and fetter a progressive commonwealth by stamping Skylock methods upon its organic law. Our sister state bids fair to avoid this blunder, and there are no obstacles in her pathway that the courage and energy of her sons cannot overcome. The outlook is bright.

"GATH" says that President Harrison is a fine speaker. Then Eli Perkins is a good humorist.

THE RESULT of Governor Hill's canvass in McKinley's district will cause Editor Halstead to go through a wilder performance than making votes.

THE REPORT of the J. B. Forkner investigating committee has no doubt been consigned to an ash barrel.

MR. HARRISON is a tireless worker. It is said that in addition to making a recent tour of soul-stirring speeches on his recent tour, he sang Sunday school songs on the Pullman sleeper, and engaged in a friendly tussle with the porter for a quarter that the fruit vendor had dropped under a seat.

WE PUBLISHED elsewhere a card from Mr. W. G. Cooper, whom we believe to be as conscientious a man as there is in the state. Mr. Cooper's reliability is recognized by all who know him, and we give space to his card as a matter of justice to him. So confident is THE CONSTITUTION of Mr. Cooper's accuracy, and of his honor as a man, as well as his sense of fairness, that we consented to the revision of the speech that he reported only upon the governor's positive assurance that he had been misrepresented.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A WRITER in The New York Sun tells this anecdote: One of the funniest stories about children I have heard for a year is a description of an incident in the family of one of our most prominent statesmen. I would not say that the head of the family is Postmaster General Wainwright, but he is certainly of the same religious tendencies. Last week while thanking the Lord for the good he had done for the little ones of his family, he grew eloquent over the benefits they had received. He thanked him for the old horse Barney, which gave them such delightful country riding. He thanked him for their home and good dinners, and he poured out his soul in thanks to God for the toys that they loved. His little four-year-old daughter could not contain herself. She broke into the prayer with a sigh, and then, clapping ecstatically, said: "Oh, God, don't you wish you was us?"

It is a question whether the prince of Wales ever succeeds to the throne. His health is not robust; there are ugly rumors to the effect that Bright's disease has a hold upon him. But the prince cannot resist the temptation of being king. He does not count the anxieties and the onerous duties which his rise to that exalted station would necessarily involve; he is not an ambitious man; he loves and seeks the society of those whom he likes, and true democracy that he is, he shudders when he thinks that there may come a time when he will be compelled to associate with men who cannot possibly have a human sympathy in common with himself, unless Eugene Field to The Chicago News. His eldest son, the duke of Clarence and Avondale, is a shuffling, shifty, good-natured lubber, looking like his mother, but having neither his mother's tact nor dignity, nor his father's graciousness or strength of character. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that in due course of time the duke will marry his cousin, the sweet and pretty daughter of the prince of Teck.

"GATH" says in a recent letter: "The hand of morality should not impede business between states. When one remembers the condition of this country in the year 1860 he looks around him with surprise at the wide understanding of natural laws and the grasp of mechanical and engineering knowledge. Not a single idea which existed in 1860 is left standing in the harvest field of Governor Gordon, or of any other candidate, today. The negro has not turned into a monkey. Cotton is neither crop nor dead; it is a great, live, beautiful crop, and they can make it as good as where it is grown. People do not sleep with the United States constitution upon their stomachs, as they formerly did, having the nightmare after dark and the dyspepsia all day. We appear to have only scratched the surface of the ground, and are almost realizing Leland Stanford's favorite idea that the earth is rich enough to make every man upon it rich. The time may be at hand when iron and steel will take a back seat in the improvement of the world."

WE ARE to have Talmage sermons for a long time to come. Young Frank Talmage is preparing to follow in his father's footsteps, and studying for the ministry. Likeable old man, he will also try the lecture field. He is said to be a bright and brainy young fellow.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS is trying to stop the practice of smoking on the streets. Years ago it was against the law in some northern cities to smoke on a public thoroughfare, and many men living can recall the time when they visited Boston and were threatened with arrest for peering on the street with cigars in their mouths.

THE DEATH of Grant's war secretary, Belknap, recalls an unpleasant chapter of history. Belknap had a beautiful wife who spent money lavishly. To obtain funds she induced her husband to sell post-traderships. When this was discovered the secretary resigned, and President Grant accepted his resignation to spare him the shame and punishment that would have followed the trial and conviction. Personally Belknap was a jolly, clever fellow, and to the last he was popular in Washington, where he practiced law until his death.

THE MANAGING EDITORS of the big London dailies receive salaries ranging from \$5,000 to \$25,000 a year.

THE GALVESTON NEWS, in its special issue of October 1st, shows that Texas has increased in population from 2,123,712 in 1880, to 2,215,700 in 1890. It is the products of the state that indicate its magnitude, resources and the industry of its people. The News gives the following as the value of the state products exported for the year ending with August last:

Cotton, 1,743,320 bales.....\$7,166,000

Wool, 24,873,662 pounds.....4,974,612

Hides, 15,091,476 pounds.....1,509,147

Cattle, horses and mules.....9,425,047

Lumber and shingles.....4,423,313

Grain and hay.....5,224,116

Cotton seed, cotton seed cake and oil.....6,222,430

Miscellaneous, including fruits, vegetables, sugar, etc.....8,225,310

Total.....\$129,254,628

In addition to the above The News claims that Texas has the greatest school fund of any state, the lightest taxes and no state debt.

THE DENVER NEWS thinks that the democratic state ticket will win in Colorado this year. There has been so much jollery of extravagance, even robbery committed by the republicans of the ring which has controlled the state for years, that the taxpayers very generally feel that there should be an overturning in state politics. The democratic ticket is one which commands the respect of the people of all parties.

SUNDAY IN THE SANCTUM.

Lynched.

The tramp of horse added a sullen gait.

Dark forms of stern, unmerciful, masked men.

A clash of arms, a cloven prison door.

And a man's cry for mercy? "Then high o'er

The barren fields, dim outlined in the storm,

The swaying of a lifeless human form.

And close beside, in horror and afright,

A widowed woman wailing to the night.

—F. L. SEATON.

The Madisonian of Friday contained sixteen pages and was in every respect a highly creditable paper. The Furrow boys deserve the congratulations of the people for the good work they are doing for Morgan county.

Editor Clement, of The Rome Alliance Herald, was in the city yesterday.

Clem Moore, of The Crawford Herald, made a flying business trip to Atlanta yesterday. His new venture in journalism is a decided success. The Herald is neat, newsworthy and attractive.

Editor's Wife—John, do you know that this is Sunday?

Editor—Yes; I have not had a bill from the grocery man, a dun from the tax collector and have not been closed out by the sheriff.

The book agent and the editor should be good friends. Their motto is the same: "Now is the time to subscribe."

Hon. R. T. Harris, of The Tribune of Rome, is now an editor. But he still wears a beaver in memory of the last legislature.

Larry Gant was in the city yesterday.

The Eastman Times-Journal seems to improve with every issue.

The Georgia editor is in the saddle.—Exchange.

Where did he get the horse?

The Walker County Messenger is in a flourishing condition and is always bright and newsworthy.

"We took in this exposition last week," writes a Georgia editor, "and now we would like to take in some of our subscribers who are in arrears. We are determined to run this paper on a cash basis, if we have to borrow the money to do it with."

The Lee County News is in a flourishing condition. Its editor announces that he cleared \$6 last month as referee in a mule trade, and he has telegraphed ahead for first-class accommodations at the exposition.

Independent Journalism.

From The New York Herald.

We make our compliments to that brilliant contemporary, THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

When comparing The Herald with the only New York paper that ever aspired to become even an mediocre rival, it says:

"The Herald stands somewhat upon its prestige, and cares for no other constituency than the upper and middle classes."

"That we enjoy the confidence of the 'upper and middle classes' is a fact in which we take a pardonable pride. One reason for this is that our opinions are never for sale; another is that in our criticism of men and measures we entertain no fears and have no favors to ask. We are satisfied, and the public are equally so with the exact truth, sometimes disagreeable, but always wholesome.

But the so-called lower classes have always found, and will always find, a friend in The Herald. The fight of the under dog is ours. In these rapid times, when capital and labor are in ferocious contention, when party legislation leans away from the poor, there is great need of independent and untainted journalism.

We may perhaps modestly add that in defense of square, open-handed justice for all we have generally been successful."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

For the Senate.

EDITOR CONSTITUTION: The session of the legislature at which a United States senator is to be elected is near at hand, and without arguing the question of Governor Gordon's claims to the position, it is believed that the differences between him and the alliance are such that he cannot be elected without a complete surrender by the alliance of the principle that they have contended for, and seriously crippling the cause of usefulness. That such is the case, nearly all who are interested in the welfare of the state, and the fact that the differences exist, and that Governor Gordon is the candidate of that class who are supposed

Ryan's

"Unapproachable and Unmatchable Prices"

are creating more talk than anything heretofore offered to the trading public.
 Last week's sales the largest ever known in the history of this well-known and old established house.

More goods to select from than all the Dry Goods houses in Atlanta combined.
 278 salesmen busily engaged from morning till night catering to the wants of the numerous customers that daily flock to the popular and always busy emporium of bargains.

Head the Number of Bargains We Have to Offer You This Week.

2,900 pieces all pure Silk Ribbon, celebrated P. & M. Brand, Nos. 9, 12 and 6, at 12½c yard, 40c value.
 39 pieces 62-inch Bleached Table Damask at 45c yard, 75c value.
 250 pieces Canton Flannel at 5c yard; price cannot be equalled in the world.
 260 large sized Bed Comforts at 69c each, worth \$1 each.
 75 dozen Ladies' Winter Balmoral Skirts, only 25c each.
 119 pieces wool-filled Jeans, at 8 1-3c yard, 20c value.
 375 dozen Men's Natural Wool Shirts, only 35c each.
 375 dozen Men's Natural Wool Drawers, only 35c each.
 87 dozen Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, only 25c each.
 125 dozen men's Unlaundered Shirts, pleated bosoms, at 47c each.
 200 Dress Patterns, English Whipcords, at \$4.50, worth \$7.50.
 112 pieces 48-inch camel's hair Dress Goods at 99c yard, worth \$1.50 yard.
 100 pieces colored twilled Dress goods at 10c yard.
 75 pieces double width Lustres, only 10c yard.
 50 pieces double width Cashmeres, only 10c yard.
 Double width brocaded Cashmere, only 12 1-2c yard.
 Alhambra Suitings, only 12 1-2c yard.
 Satine Diagonals, only 10c yard.
 36-inch Henrietta Cloths, 15c.
 36-inch all wool Serges, only 39c yard.
 40-inch all wool Serges, only 50c yard.
 44-inch all wool Serges, only 60c yard.
 40-inch all wool Whipcords, only 50c yard.
 48-inch all wool Whipcords, only \$1 yard.
 40-inch all wool satin-finish Henriettas, only 50c yard.
 48-inch all wool Cheviots, only \$1.25 yard.
 54-inch all wool Tricots, all colors, only 85c yard.
 500 pairs large size white wool Blankets, only \$2.50 pair.
 350 pairs extra large size white wool Blankets, only \$4 pair.
 175 pairs extra quality Canadian wool Blankets, at \$5 pair.
 50 bales extra quality Comforts, at \$1 each.
 300 pieces all pure linen Checked Crash, only 5c yard.
 38 pieces Turkey red table Damask, 60 inches wide, guaranteed fast colors, only 40c yard, 75c value.
 98 pieces unbleached table Damask, only 25c yard.
 Gents' white merino Shirts and Drawers at 25c each.
 Gents' white merino Shirts and Drawers at 40c each, 75c value.
 Gents' medicated scarlet Shirts and Drawers at 75c each.
 Ladies' unshrinkable Vests and Pants, white and scarlet, only 75c each.
 Children's scarlet wool Vests, only 15c each.
 Children's Sanitary wool Vests, only 25c each.
 Children's natural wool Vests, only 25c each.
 Children's hand-knit wool Vests, only 25c each.
 Gents' Scarfs, all the latest styles, at 25c each.
 Gents' double reinforced linen bosom Shirts, New York Mills muslin, only 0c each, equal to any \$1 shirt sold.
 500 dozen Misses' Oxford gray Hose, only 8c pair.
 350 dozen Misses' fast black and stainless French Hose, double heels, double toes and double knees, only 25c pair, 50c value.

CLOAKS.

The most elegant lot of Ladies' Cloaks and Wraps ever shown in this part of the country. Cloaks to suit everyone. All made especially to our own order, and marked at such low prices that sell themselves. Don't pass us by if you need a cloak or a Wrap.

Special Bargain—250 Ladies fine Stockinet Jackets at \$2.00 each, well worth \$5.00.

Extraordinary Bargains in Carpets, Rugs, Etc.

Best quality Venetian Carpet, for halls, only 50c yard.
 Extra quality good Ingrain Carpets, only 50c yard.
 Best quality all wool super Ingrain Carpets, only 60c yard.
 Roxbury's Tapestry Carpets, only 75c yard.
 Alex Smith & Son's best Tapestry, only 50c yard.
 Best 5-frame Body Brussels, all makes, only \$1 yard.
 Sanford's Wilton Velvets, only \$1.25 yard.
 Wild's Linoleum, for offices, only 50c yard.
 Diamond A. Cocoa Matting, only 50c yard.
 Finest Japanese Jointless Mattings, solid colors, only 35c yard.
 Power's Oilcloth, for floors, only 40c yard.
 10,000 Cherry Cornice Poles, only 25c each.
 10,000 Oak and Ash Poles, only 25c each.
 Ivory Poles, brass trimmings, only \$1.25 each.
 5,000 Dado Shades, on spring rollers, only 40c each.
 20,000 pairs Drapery Chains, only 25c pair.
 500 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, only 75c pair.
 Real Irish Point Lace Curtains, only \$5 pair, worth \$10.
 Brussels Lace Curtains, only \$4.50 pair, worth \$6.50.
 Madras Curtains, only \$4 pair, worth \$6.50.
 Chenille Curtains, only \$5 pair, worth \$8.
 Tapestry Parlor Mats, only 50c each. Smyrna Rugs, only \$3 each. All wool Astoria Art Squares, 3x3, \$8 each. Angora Goat Rugs, \$6.
 Twenty cash boys wanted; apply early tomorrow morning.

JOHN RYAN'S SONS.

CARPETS, DRESS AND ART GOODS EXPOSITION

M. RICH & BROS.

Our annual fall and winter Carpet, Dress and Art Goods Exposition is booming. During the past week hundreds of visitors have inspected the grandest display ever made by any house in the south, and have been loud in their praise of the brilliancy, beauty and completeness of every department. Our special exhibition will continue this week. Our citizens and strangers are cordially invited to call and examine the new voices of novelties in our Carpet and Art Departments just received, and which will be displayed tomorrow.

If you want the loveliest

Silks for street and evening wear to be found in Atlanta, call upon us.

If you want the most beautiful imported dress fabrics ever delivered direct from the Atlanta custom house, call upon us. If you want the genuine Trefousse Kid Gloves, call upon us. We are the sole authorized manufacturers of every department. Our special exhibition will continue this week. Our citizens and strangers are cordially invited to call and examine the new voices of novelties in our Carpet and Art Departments just received, and which will be displayed tomorrow.

Our Cloak, Cape and Wrap Department is crowded with elegant goods. We show only the best made and the latest styles and at the most reasonable prices. New goods constantly arriving.

Just received another shipment of new style Woolen Plaids, exquisite

in colors and unrivaled in quality. These and our latest styles of Combination Suits, Silks, etc., make up the most magnificent fall and winter dress goods department ever exhibited in any city of the south.

In Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Spreads and similar articles of housefurnishings, we show an unrivaled stock. Our stock in this line is the largest in the city, and the prices, like those in our imported dress goods department, are lower than those of our competitors—quality and beauty of goods being the test.

If you want choice Hosiery and Underwear, or any article of Ladies',

Gentlemen's or Children's Furnishing Goods, call to see us. We have a very large stock, complete in every particular and fresh from the factory and the importer.

We are direct importers, and, buying in large quantities for cash, we are enabled to give purchasers such as they cannot get elsewhere.

We invite the special attention of visitors to the Piedmont Exposition, as well as that of our own citizens, to the magnificent exhibition of imported Art Goods which we are now making. Such an exhibition of rare, lovely and charming things in all the varied

lines of modern art work, suitable for wedding and birthday presents, or for the adornment of our homes, has never been made in the south before. No visitor to the city can afford to leave it without spending an hour in our spacious and brilliant Art Department. It is a sight worth seeing and remembering. We have just opened an invoice of superb boudoir and drawing room articles direct from Paris. We study to please the most refined taste, and have facilities for doing so beyond those of any house this side of New York.

Our spacious building on Hunter street will be completed in a few days, and will be the repository for our artistic Furniture Department. We are receiving daily shipments of beautiful and specially designed furniture, and in this line we will soon be

the same unrivaled leaders that we have for years been in Carpets, Mattings, Rugs and Draperies.

We have the most skillful workmen in the city in our employ, and guarantee satisfaction to every customer.

We have a magnificent stock of domestic and directly imported Carpet, Oriental Draperies, Rugs, etc., which we offer this week at specially reduced prices, in order to make room for our large shipments of Furniture, which we are storing in our Carpet warehouses until our new building is completed. Now is the time to secure Carpets, etc., for the winter at the lowest possible prices.

Come and see us this week without fail.

M. RICH & BROS.
54 and 56 Whitehall Street.
14, 16, 18, 20 AND 22 E. HUNTER ST.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE

BONDS, STOCKS AND MONEY.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE, ATLANTA, October 25, 1890.

New York exchange buying at par and selling at 1/2 premium.

STATE AND CITY BONDS.	104.	105.	106.	107.	108.	109.	110.	111.	112.	113.	114.	115.	116.	117.	118.	119.	120.	121.	122.	123.	124.	125.	126.	127.	128.	129.	130.	131.	132.	133.	134.	135.	136.	137.	138.	139.	140.	141.	142.	143.	144.	145.	146.	147.	148.	149.	150.	151.	152.	153.	154.	155.	156.	157.	158.	159.	160.	161.	162.	163.	164.	165.	166.	167.	168.	169.	170.	171.	172.	173.	174.	175.	176.	177.	178.	179.	180.	181.	182.	183.	184.	185.	186.	187.	188.	189.	190.	191.	192.	193.	194.	195.	196.	197.	198.	199.	200.	201.	202.	203.	204.	205.	206.	207.	208.	209.	210.	211.	212.	213.	214.	215.	216.	217.	218.	219.	220.	221.	222.	223.	224.	225.	226.	227.	228.	229.	230.	231.	232.	233.	234.	235.	236.	237.	238.	239.	240.	241.	242.	243.	244.	245.	246.	247.	248.	249.	250.	251.	252.	253.	254.	255.	256.	257.	258.	259.	260.	261.	262.	263.	264.	265.	266.	267.	268.	269.	270.	271.	272.	273.	274.	275.	276.	277.	278.	279.	280.	281.	282.	283.	284.	285.	286.	287.	288.	289.	290.	291.	292.	293.	294.	295.	296.	297.	298.	299.	300.	301.	302.	303.	304.	305.	306.	307.	308.	309.	310.	311.	312.	313.	314.	315.	316.	317.	318.	319.	320.	321.	322.	323.	324.	325.	326.	327.	328.	329.	330.	331.	332.	333.	334.	335.	336.	337.	338.	339.	340.	341.	342.	343.	344.	345.	346.	347.	348.	349.	350.	351.	352.	353.	354.	355.	356.	357.	358.	359.	360.	361.	362.	363.	364.	365.	366.	367.	368.	369.	370.	371.	372.	373.	374.	375.	376.	377.	378.	379.	380.	381.	382.	383.	384.	385.	386.	387.	388.	389.	390.	391.	392.	393.	394.	395.	396.	397.	398.	399.	400.	401.	402.	403.	404.	405.	406.	407.	408.	409.	410.	411.	412.	413.	414.	415.	416.	417.	418.	419.	420.	421.	422.	423.	424.	425.	426.	427.	428.	429.	430.	431.	432.	433.	434.	435.	436.	437.	438.	439.	440.	441.	442.	443.	444.	445.	446.	447.	448.	449.	450.	451.	452.	453.	454.	455.	456.	457.	458.	459.	460.	461.	462.	463.	464.	465.	466.	467.	468.	469.	470.	471.	472.	473.	474.	475.	476.	477.	478.	479.	480.	481.	482.	483.	484.	485.	486.	487.	488.	489.	490.	491.	492.	493.	494.	495.	496.	497.	498.	499.	500.	501.	502.	503.	504.	505.	506.	507.	508.	509.	510.	511.	512.	513.	514.	515.	516.	517.	518.	519.	520.	521.	522.	523.	524.	525.	526.	527.	528.	529.	530.	531.	532.	533.	534.	535.	536.	537.	538.	539.	540.	541.	542.	543.	544.	545.	546.	547.	548.	549.	550.	551.	552.	553.	554.	555.	556.	557.	558.	559.	560.	561.	562.	563.	564.	565.	566.	567.	568.	569.	570.	571.	572.	573.	574.	575.	576.	577.	578.	579.	580.	581.	582.	583.	584.	585.	586.	587.	588.	589.	590.	591.	592.	593.	594.	595.	596.	597.	598.	599.	600.	601.	602.	603.	604.	605.	606.	607.	608.	609.	610.	611.	612.	613.	614.	615.	616.	617.	618.	619.	620.	621.	622.	623.	624.	625.	626.	627.	628.	629.	630.	631.	632.	633.	634.	635.	636.	637.	638.	639.	640.	641.	642.	643.	644.	645.	646.	647.	648.	649.	650.	651.	652.	653.	654.	655.	656.	657.	658.	659.	660.	661.	662.	663.	664.	665.	666.	667.	668.	669.	670.	671.	672.	673.	674.	675.	676.	677.	678.	679.	680.	681.	682.	683.	684.	685.	686.	687.	688.	689.	690.	691.	692.	693.	694.	695.	696.	697.	698.	699.	700.	701.	702.	703.	704.	705.	706.	707.	708.	709.	710.	711.	712.	713.	714.	715.	716.	717.	718.	719.	720.	721.	722.	723.	724.	725.	726.	727.	728.	729.	730.	731.	732.	733.	734.	735.	736.	737.	738.	739.	740.	741.	742.	743.	744.	745.	746.	747.	748.	749.	750.	751.	752.	753.	754.	755.	756.	757.	758.	759.	760.	761.	762.	763.	764.	765.	766.	767.	768.	769.	770.	771.	772.	773.	774.	775.	776.	777.	778.	779.	780.	781.	782.	783.	784.	785.	786.	787.	788.	789.	790.	791.	792.	793.	794.	795.	796.	797.	798.	799.	800.	801.	802.	803.	804.	805.	806.	807.	808.	809.	810.	811.	812.	813.	814.	815.	816.	817.	818.	819.	820.	821.	822.	823.	824.	825.	826.	827.	828.	829.	830.	831.	832.	833.	834.	835.	836.	837.	838.	839.	840.	841.	842.	843.	844.	845.	846.	847.	848.	849.	850.	851.	852.	853.	854.	855.	856.	857.	858.	859.	860.	861.	862.	863.	864.	865.	866.	867.	868.	869.	870.	871.	872.	873.	874.	875.	876.	877.	878.	879.	880.	881.	882.	883.	884.	885.	886.	887.	888.	889.	890.	891.	892.	893.	894.	895.	896.	897.	898.	899.	900.	901.	902.	903.	904.	905.	906.	907.	908.	909.	910.	911.	912.	913.	914.	915.	916.	917.	918.	919.	920.	921.	922.	923.	924.	925.	926.	927.	928.	929.	930.	931.	932.	933.	934.	935.	936.	937.	938.	939.	940.	941.	942.	943.	944.	945.	946.	947.	948.	949.	950.	951.	952.	953.	954.	955.	956.	957.	958.	959.	960.	961.	962.	963.	964.	965.	966.	967.	968.	969.	970.	971.	972.	973.	974.	975.	976.	977.	978.	979.	980.	981.	982.	983.	984.	985.	986.	987.	988.	989.	990.	991.	992.	993.	994.	995.	996.	997.	998.	999.	1000.
New Georgia 3½s 27 to 30 years.....	102½																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																

RAILROAD BONDS.

Georgia 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2

Stylea Windsor in Stock, from \$60 to \$300 each, in All Woods.

Century Finish, \$2.50 Each.
CHEAPEST BED ON EARTH.

Rhodes
AND
Furniture

the tall policeman
peering his bull's-eye as he peers
out him in the ancient vacancy,
is there this way is safety,
is way is home.

—W. E. Henley.

We refer to Messrs. J. P. Stevens & Bro., Jewelers, No. 47 Whitehall St., who have just received an invoice of precious stones from Europe.

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST.
Trinity M. E. church, south corner Whitehall and West Peters streets—Rev. John W. Heidt, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. E. E. Bramham, and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. E. H. Sasset. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Hemp-hill, superintendent. Services meeting Monday 7:30 p. m. Young People's Christian league meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Seats free. All invited.

Trinity Home mission chapel, near Leonard st.—Sunday school at 3:30 p. m. F. M. Richardson, superintendent. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Marionette street M. E. church, between Spring and Barrow streets—Rev. A. F. Ellington, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. Ford, superintendent. Consecration meeting Monday at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Meeting for young men Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All Methodists in the city from the north and west especially invited. Seats free.

First Methodist church, corner Peachtree and Houston—Rev. I. S. Hopkins, D.D., pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. H. Palmer, superintendent. Class meeting at 4 p. m. All are invited. Seats free.

Park street Methodist church, West End, Whitehall and Peachtree street—Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D., pastor. Preaching today at 11 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. The pastor will preach on "Christianity and Manhood" at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Lambdin, superintendent.

Morristown Avenue M. E. church—Rev. C. A. Evans, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. H. Frazier, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. All invited.

St. Paul's church, south, Hunter street, near Bell—Rev. M. L. Underwood, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Class meeting at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Steward's meeting Tuesday night.

Grace M. E. church, corner Boulevard and Houston streets—Rev. H. H. Sasset, pastor. Preaching at 11:30 a. m. by the pastor, and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. C. Hendrix, superintendent. Public cordially invited to attend.

Asbury church, corner Davis and Foundry streets, W. P. Smith, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. T. B. Lee, superintendent. Young People's prayer meeting Sunday 7:30 p. m. All welcome.

Capitol Avenue mission, Capitol avenue, between Grimes and Green streets—Rev. J. M. Tunlin, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Dr. B. H. Ciching, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All invited.

Marionette street Mission—Rev. F. Barclay, superintendent. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Services 7:30 p. m. and Thursday night.

Loyd street M. E. church, Rev. M. C. B. Mason, pastor—11 a. m. sermon by the pastor; 7:30 p. sermon by the pastor.

Plum street mission chapel—Preaching and Sunday school combined at 3 p. m.

West Side mission, corner Ashby street and Turner's Ferry road—Rev. J. M. Alken, pastor. Sunday school at 3 p. m. F. M. Alken, superintendent. All invited.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH. Corner Washington and Mitchell streets—Rev. Henry McDonald, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. N. Craig, D.D., secretary. Presbyterian home mission. No service at night on account of the sickness of the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. H. Biscoe, superintendent. Young men's meeting at 7:30 p. m. Monday. Regular weekly prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday. All are cordially invited to these services.

Third Baptist church, Jones avenue—Rev. A. B. Mitchell, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor. No service at night. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. William H. Bell, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Young men's meeting Friday night. All cordially invited.

Sixth Baptist church, West Hunter street—Rev. J. H. Weaver, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. C. Wilson, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Young People's meeting Thursday night. All cordially invited.

Central Baptist church corner Peters and West Fair streets—J. M. Brittain, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Professor L. M. Landrum, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Young People's meeting at 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

West End Baptist church, Lee street, West End—Rev. S. Y. Jameson, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Frank E. Gardner, superintendent. Young people's meeting will be held at 4:30 p. m. Prayer meeting will be held Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets—Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. A. F. Stewart, superintendent. All invited.

East Atlanta Baptist church, Bradley street, between Edgewood and Peachtree streets—Rev. W. H. H. Dorsey, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Fifth Baptist church, corner Gilmer and Bell streets—Rev. V. C. Norcross, pastor. Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. T. J. Buchanan, superintendent. The public are cordially invited to attend the services.

The McDonough street Baptist mission, corner Capitol and Georgia avenues—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching tonight at 7:30 o'clock. Weekly prayer meeting Tuesday at 7:45 o'clock. Everybody invited. W. W. Orr, superintendent, Sunday school.

Tenth Baptist church—Rev. E. Pendleton Jones, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

West End mission—Sunday school at 4 o'clock p. m. John Logue, superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.
First Presbyterian church, Marionette street—Rev. E. H. Barnett, D.D., pastor. Divine services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.

Central Presbyterian church, Washington street—Rev. G. B. Strickler, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Professor W. W. Lumpkin, superintendent. Captain George W. Forbes and Dr. J. A. Link, assistants. Regular weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Young men's prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m. The mission Sunday school of the Central Presbyterian church No. 11 will meet at 3:30 p. m. near the glass works, H. H. Cameron, superintendent. J. J. Link, assistant. All are cordially invited to attend. Mission school No. 2 will meet in Edgewood, near Hulley's depot, at 3:30 p. m. to Robert E. Tunstun, superintendent. All are welcome.

Wallace (Fifth) Presbyterian church, corner Fair and Walnut streets—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. D. Beatie, superintendent. All are welcome.

Fourth Presbyterian church—Chamberlain street—Rev. T. P. Cleveland, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society at 4 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Third Presbyterian church, Baker street between Marionette and Luckie—Rev. A. R. Hofferly, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. All are cordially invited. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. R. L. Barry, superintendent.

Marionette Street Mission Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church will meet opposite the old exposition hotel on Marionette street at 3 p. m. All are cordially invited.

All Cumberland Presbyterians in the city are requested to meet at the Cumberland Presbyterian church, corner Marionette street and Bellwood avenue, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. It has just been fitted for service.

Georgia Avenue (Sixth) Presbyterian church, Georgia avenue—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. James W. Fogue. Religious services on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school will meet at 3 p. m. Charles G. Eckford, superintendent. All are welcome.

Associate Reformed Presbyterian church—Services at 14½ E. Hunter street. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

St. Philip's church—Rev. George M. Funston, pastor. Morning prayer and sermon by the pastor at 11 a. m. Evening prayer at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited.

St. Luke's cathedral, northeast corner Houston and Pryor streets—Rev. R. A. Hunter, pastor. Holy Communion at 7:30 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a. m. Evening prayer and lecture at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All welcome.

West End Mission Sunday school at 3:30 p. m. Hunter Street Mission, No. 253 E. Hunter street. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

Grace—Rev. A. T. Clarke, pastor. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 4 p. m.

GOSPEL SERVICE.
The Gospel mission, corner Glenn and Smith streets, up stairs over the drug store. No service today on account of building.

UNITARIAN.
Church of Our Father, Church street, near Junction of Peachtree and North Forsyth streets—

60c fine Henriettas for 35c.
50c fine Cashmeres for 25c.
75c fine Cashmeres for 40c.
50c fine Henriettas for 25c.
60c Flannel Tricots for 35c.
Fruit Loom Bleaching 6c.
Heavy Georgia Checks, 4c.
10-4 fine Georgia Blankets, \$1.50.
50c fine Docks for 25c.
40c fine Cashmere Jeans for 25c.
10-4 fine White Blankets, \$2.50.
11-4 fine California Blankets, \$5.
10-4 fine Georgia Blankets, \$1.50.
12-4 fine Asiatic Double weight, \$8.50.
Comforts 60c, 75c, \$1, \$2 and up to \$15. We will save you money on Comforts.
10-4 Sheet, 10c.
Georgia Sheet, 6c.
Outing Flannels, 9c.

JUST OPENED.

Another stock of those handsome Brads, Tinsel, Silver and Plain Gimp Dress Trimmings. We carry the handsomest stock of Dress Trimmings to be found in the south. Come and be with us for the next 15 days, we will show you the handsomest lot fine goods at bargain prices ever put on dry goods tables. No one can touch our prices on

SILKS!

—FOR—
15 DAYS!

Surah Silk, 25c; China Silk, 60c;
Gros Grain Silk, 60c.
Plaids in Silks and Woolens go cheap for 15 days.
Come right to headquarters for

WRAPS.

Handsome Cloth Jackets at \$1.65, \$2.50, \$5, \$6, \$8.50 and 12.50, worth double the money.
Beautiful Silk Plush Jackets for \$5.80, \$8.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$18, that you cannot match in the south. These are special prices for 15 days.
\$2 Armure, \$9 Faile, \$2. Re-dame, \$2 Gros Grain, \$2 Surah Silks, all five of these styles will be

one price for 15 days, which is 98c. We are having a little clearing out in Silks and along with these \$2 Silks for 98c will go a big job in Brocades and Fancy Plaid and Stripe Silks.
400 more of those \$1 Shirts for 35c.

We will sell some grand drives in ladies' and gents'

Knit Undershirts

and Drawers!

Do you know we are leading the country in ladies' Flannel Shirts. We have just opened a lovely new line of these Shirts.
Another big lot of Linen Collars for 5c.

SPECIAL OFFER

—IN—
Gloves! Hosiery!

FOR 15 DAYS.

1,000 yards fine Neck Rouchings worth from 10c up to 40c. You can buy any of it for 15 days at 5c.

Only have

187 COMBINATION SUITS

left, they will be slashed this week for half price and less.

Do you want

Table Linens, Towels!

—AND—
LACE CURTAINS!

For 15 days we are going to do

up things in these departments and the prices will be your liking. We need the room that our Lace Curtain department occupies, so they must go. Price no object, room is what we want and our Linen department is too large and we will give some stunning low prices on Linens to reduce the stock. Do well and come to this 15 days sale.

Here some daisies:

\$2, 1½ yards wide for \$1.25.
\$1.50, 1½ yards wide for 90c.
\$1.25, 1½ yards wide for 75c.
\$1, 1½ yards wide for 60c.
85c, 1½ yards wide for 50c.
75c, 1½ yards wide for 39c.

The above six prices are ladies' Flannel and Broadcloth that we are overstocked in, and we are going to let them go. Our loss is your gain.

This 15 day sale will turn down any bar gain dry good's sale ever had in the south.

We want 10 first-class salesmen and 15 bundle and cash boys. Apply before 8 o'clock to the

BARGAIN DRY GOODS HOUSE OF THE SOUTH

39 AND 41 PEACHTREE ST.,

L. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.

Rev. G. L. Chaney, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. George Leonard. Subject: "A Growth in Religion." No evening service. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. F. Stewart, superintendent. Seats free. All are made welcome.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING.
This afternoon at 3 o'clock in Pines church, corner Ira and Georgia avenue. Public invited.

SPIRITUALISTS.
The First Society of Spiritualists of Atlanta will meet at Good Temple hall, 9½ East Alabama street at 8 o'clock tonight. After the lecture Dr. W. S. Eldridge, of Boston, will give tests and diagnosis diseases. State free.

CONGREGATIONAL.
Church of the Redeemer, West Ellis near Peachtree street—A. F. Sherrill, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. F. Beck, superintendent. Christian Endeavor at 6:15 p. m. Preaching in the morning by the Rev. W. H. Crawford, pastor, being at annual conference, there will be no preaching at night.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
Wheat and Pryor Streets—C. A. Licklider, general secretary; H. B. Mays, assistant secretary. A. H. Whitman, physical director. Men's meeting this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock led by Rev. E. Schell.

SCHOLARSHIP.
Schell's chapel, C. M. E. church, on W. Hunter street, near Davis street—Rev. S. E. Poff, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. J. Black and R. W. White, superintendents.

Come out to Exposition Tuesday, October 28, and see the "Zouave" drill.

THE WEATHER.

Forecast for Georgia.

WASHINGTON, October 25.—Indications for tomorrow: Fair weather, stationary temperature; westerly winds.

SIGNAL SERVICE U. S. A.
ATLANTA, Ga., October 25.

All observations taken at the same moment of actual time at each place.

Observation taken at 5 p. m. 75th meridian time.

STATIONS.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Veloc.	Relativ.	Weather.
Meridian	30.20	64.5	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Pensacola	30.00	64.45	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Mobile	30.00	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Montgomery	30.00	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
New Orleans	30.04	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Galveston	30.00	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Palestine	30.08	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Corpus Christi	30.12	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Brownsville	30.12	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Rio Grande City	30.16	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Fort Eads	30.16	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

OBSERVATION.							
7 a m.....	30.04	48.42	NW	7	00	Cloudless	
7 p m.....	29.86	64.50	W	10	00	Cloudless	
Maximum Thermometer.....						72	
Minimum Thermometer.....						46	
Total Rainfall.....						00	

COTTON BELT BULLETIN.

Observation taken at 5 p. m. 75th meridian time.

ATLANTA DISTRICT.

STATIONS.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Veloc.	Relativ.	Weather.
Atlanta	30.20	64.5	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Chattanooga	30.00	64.45	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Columbus	30.00	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Gainesville	30.04	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Griffin	30.00	65.25	SW	8	00	Cloudless
Macon	30.08	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Spartanburg	30.12	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
Greenville	30.12	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless
West Point	30.16	65.25	SW	4	00	Cloudless

J. W. BYRAN, Observer.

DEATHS.

WOOLLEY.—Mrs. Hattie M. Woolley, wife of Dr. B. M. Woolley, died at 2 o'clock, October 25th. Funeral will occur at residence, 226 Washington street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

MARRIED.
LOTH-JUST.—On Monday, October 6, 1890, at the residence of Charles J. Carpenter, Esq., New Brunswick, N. J., by the Rev. Charles E. Phelps, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, William J. Lach to Frances Alice, only daughter of the late Dr. M. A. Rust, of Richmond, Va. No cards.

MEETINGS.
Attention Company B. C. V.
Meet at your hall promptly Tuesday night, October 28th, at 7:30 o'clock, sharp.
By order of Captain commanding.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.
A Proposition to Introduce a Book on Morals in the Schools.

There was a meeting of the board of education at the office of Superintendent Sloan yesterday.

Bills for salaries, repairs and other matters was passed up to the amount of \$12,552.50.

Mr. Beale, chairman of the building committee, reported that the two new school buildings were rapidly nearing completion, and would be ready for occupancy by the first day of January next, the time specified.

Mr. Beale also introduced memorial resolutions on the death of Dr. E. J. Roach, which were adopted. The resolutions embodied a recognition of the services of the distinguished member of the board of education, whose loss is so keenly felt.

A resolution, offered by Colonel W. R. Hammond, of Ky., will commence on Monday November 10th. Half-rate excursions on all the railroads good for fifteen days.

ROME'S CITY COURT.
The Part It Has Played in Lessening Court Expenses.

ROME, Ga., October 24.—(Special).—The city court has been a great factor for the quick dispatch of business in Floyd county. Its concurrent jurisdiction with the superior court in several particular cases, has been a great help to the crowded dockets of that court. An examination of the records discloses the fact that in the last three years 1,086 cases have been finally disposed of. Nine cases were taken up and only three cases were reversed.

It was showing that any judge could be complimented on.

Judge Max Meyerhardt has presided over the city court since the fall of 1887, and the dispatch of business and the few reverses speak eloquently of the administration.

The finest and best hotel in all the south is at Middleborough, Ky.

Bowden Lithia water has 4½ grains Lithia to the gallon.

SUPERB CANDIES.

MANUFACTURED DAILY AT G. E. JOHNSON'S CANDY FACTORY.

This Line of Candies Can Be Had at My Factory Daily in Retail Department.

Superfine Chocolates.	Cornucopia Hand-made Bon Bons.
Triple Vanilla Fraises.	Violet Hand-made Bon Bons.
Extra Orange Fraises.	Cocoanut Hand-made Bon Bons.
Extra Lemon Fraises.	Bonbons.
Extra Raspberry Fraises.	Fedora Hand-made Bon Bons.
Extra Coffee Fraises.	Blue Apple Hand-made Bon Bons.
Extra Dipped True Apple.	Dipped Apricot Jellies.
Extra Neuga.	Graham Bon Bons.
Extra Fine assorted Candies.	Maple Bon Bons.
Extra Fine Hand-made Bon Bons.	Marshmallow Bon Bons.

This class of goods are made daily at my factory expressly for retail trade.

G. E. JOHNSON, 55 East Alabama Street.

SAW A TRAIN COMING.
The Thrilling Tale of a Man on a Railroad Bridge.

From The New York Sun.
The train was passing over a high trestle work on an Ohio railroad when a man who had been smoking his cigar in silence suddenly observed:

"Ah! gentlemen, but I have cause to remember this spot all my life."

"Anything happen to you here?" asked one of the quartet.

"Indeed, something happened. It was two years ago this month. I was visiting my aunt in that hamlet at the other end. One day I wanted to come over to the big stone quarry, a quarter of a mile further on. It was a near cut to take the track, and so I took it."

"And met a train!" exclaimed a voice.

"Yes, I had reached the center of the trestle, which is ninety-five feet above the cruel rocks, when I heard the whistle of a locomotive, and a moment later caught sight of a freight train rounding the curve. There was only one possible way of escape."

"And you—"

"I jumped. Though considerably rattled I did not lose my presence of mind. Dropping down between the crosspieces I swung clear with my feet and hung on with my hands. You can judge of a man's feelings with almost a hundred feet of space between his feet and a great mass of jagged rock."

"Gent Scott! How long did you hang there?"

"About ten minutes."

"But did it take the train that long to pass over you?"

"No, no."

"Then how was it?"

"Why, the train side-tracked at the other end, you see, and I hung on until one